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Vol. 146 May 4, 1927 No. 1

Cover: Captain Robert Dollar, President of the Dollar Steamship Company

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In next week's Outlook Adachi Kinnosuke tells of slapstick comedy that antedates "Mutt and Jeff" by over a century and subtle humor that is almost too delicate for the pages of "Punch."

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Harold T. Pulsifer, *President and Managing Editor*
Nathan T. Pulsifer, *Vice-President*
Ernest Hamlin Abbott, *Editor-in-Chief and Secretary*
Lawrence F. Abbott, *Contributing Editor*

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The Outlook

Volume 146 | May 4, 1927 | Number 1

The President's Appeal

THE American Red Cross reports that, by a most conservative estimate, there are now more than 75,000 refugees from the floods who must be cared for by the Red Cross. While this emergency continues, which will be for weeks, these refugees must be fed, sheltered, and clothed. Their health must be protected.

In the event that the floods rise to the predicted higher levels in the next few days, the number whose most primary needs must be cared for will be quickly doubled or trebled. The situation is indeed grave.

The Government is giving such aid as lies within its power. Government boats that are available are being used to rescue those in danger and carry refugees to safety. The War Department is providing the Red Cross with tents for housing refugees. The National Guard, State and local authorities are assisting; but the burden of caring for the homeless rests upon the agency designated by Government charter to provide relief in disaster—the American National Red Cross. For so great a task additional funds must be obtained immediately.

It therefore becomes my duty, as President of the United States and President of the American National Red Cross, to direct the sympathy of our people to the sad plight of thousands of their fellow-citizens and to urge that generous contributions be promptly forthcoming to alleviate their suffering.

In order that there may the utmost co-ordination and effectiveness in the administration of the relief fund I recommend that all contributions, clearly designated, be forwarded to the nearest local Red Cross chapter or to the American National Red Cross headquarters' offices at Washington, St. Louis, or San Francisco.

I am confident that, as always in the past, the people will support the Red Cross in its humane task.

CALVIN COOLIDGE.

A National Calamity Calls for National Help

IN two weeks the Mississippi River flood expanded in its devastation from a local disaster to a National calamity. It is estimated as we write that at least 100,000 people have been driven from their homes; that an immense area, valued at from $100,000,000 to $500,000,000, has been rendered useless for this year's production or for living purposes; that many scores, perhaps several hundreds, of lives have been lost. The extent of the damage and human distress is comparable only to such great disasters as the San Francisco fire of 1906 or the Galveston flood of 1900.

Such was the situation when President Coolidge on April 22 issued his Proclamation appealing for prompt aid from the whole country. Since then the extent of the damage and suffering has still further increased, and on April 26 Secretary Hoover, who had arrived on the scene of the disaster under the direction of the President to study and report on its causes, relief measures, and possible methods of dealing with this constantly threatening danger in the future, said: "The fact that the crest of the flood has not yet passed makes further expansion of relief and rescue facilities imperative."

What Can Be Done?

WHAT measures can and should be taken?

As to the homeless flood refugees, Mr. Hoover, with his usual terse common sense, says: "First of all, we must get them out; second, feed them while they are out; third, and most serious of all, start them all over again when the flood waters recede. The United States is certainly rich enough to do that."

Fortunately, as a result of war-time drives, the country has a net of local agencies which can and will bring out and forward individual donations. How this may be supplemented by direct gifts to National Red Cross headquarters is made clear by Mr. Coolidge in his appeal. The President has appointed a special Cabinet committee of four—Secretaries Mellon of the Treasury, Chairman; Davis of the War Department; Wilbur of the Navy Department; and Hoover of the Department of Commerce—to aid in every way possible. It is stated that $5,000,000 should be regarded as the minimum for the relief fund.

As to security in the future, it is evidently too early to speak dogmatically. The most capable engineering minds of the country have long studied the question of the Mississippi watershed; it must now be studied anew. There seems to be a prevalent feeling that in the past too much emphasis has been put on redeeming land and too little on safety. Those who criticise the levee system and suggest that the remedy may lie in vast storage lakes behind dams have to meet such objections as that of Dr. Frankenfield, of the Weather Bureau's river and flood division, to the effect that an adequate storage reservoir would have to be of the same area as the State of Kentucky.

What the country is agreed upon is that the problem must be treated as National and that permanent safety and security must be put ahead of either political or local expediency. The Mississippi seems unconquerable; it must at

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Wide World

The last line of defense—Negro convicts on a levee

least be guarded if it cannot be tamed. It is true that the present flood is unprecedented even by that of 1922, but it would be folly to deal with the danger from the "It may never happen again" point of view.

Justice and Journalism

THE Sapiro-Ford libel suit came to an end without being presented to the jury because, as the presiding judge bitterly said, "Justice has been crucified upon the cross of unethical and depraved journalism." Six weeks of testimony and the great expense entailed by an important trial were wasted. A mistrial had to be declared because newspapers in Detroit had published the Ford counsel's charges and affidavits of bribery against one of the jurors, who was a woman, and against the plaintiff's counsel. In turn, the juror gave to the press an interview defending herself. Such unsubstantiated charges against a juror during the progress of a trial could not be made public without jeopardizing the continuance of the trial—which the Sapiro counsel believes was exactly the purpose of the Ford counsel.

The judge did not raise the question of how the documents got into the hands of the papers, except to say that he had, of course, not been the means; but the New York "Times" reports that the Ford counsel called the newspaper men into a conference and handed out the documents. In any case the newspapers' editorial knowledge of what could be published without sacrificing justice to journalism should have caused them to withhold the information which was made available to them. A climax is approaching in the intrusion of the interests of idle curiosity—even when it masquerades under a vaporous pretense of public right—against the established and proper functioning of the system of justice.

Even when the squalor-pandering trial reports of the "yellow" papers—and, not to be left far behind, their more respectable competitors—do not interfere with orderly trial procedure, they offend against the public interest by distorting popular standards of justice and of life. In New York a woman and her paramour are on trial for the murder of the woman's husband. But the New York press as a whole has educated the population of the city to see as the important question at issue, not "Shall the trial be swift and just?" but "Will Mrs. Snyder weep or smile?" It is only human to be more interested in the latter question; but we have come to the point where human impulses should be disciplined in the interest of ethical standards. Otherwise, there is no telling how far the descent of the average American intelligence and integrity will go.

Another "Czar"

THIS is an era of recognizing the value of academic detachment in practical enterprises: to wit, widespread freedom of high executives from arduous duties so that they may be free to think and plan; to wit, emphasis on research work only indirectly related to definite production; to wit, the employment of such outsiders as Judge Landis and Will Hays to sit in dispassionate judgment of the various factors in various organized interests.

The most recent industrial group to put its welfare into the hands of a learned stranger is the National Wholesale Women's Wear Association. The "cloak and suit" industry centers in New York, and its annual output exceeds $300,000,000 in value. Dr. Lindsay Rogers, Associate Professor of Government at Columbia University, is the "czar" who has been chosen. His title will be "executive director" of the Association. At the same time he will continue his connection with Columbia University.

Dr. Rogers made his acquaintance with the women's clothing industry as a member of Governor Smith's Advisory Commission appointed in 1924 to devise a method of settling labor troubles in the industry; a commission which was successful. Labor questions will not be under Dr. Rogers's jurisdiction except as they relate to problems of production. Mr. Raymond V. Ingersoll, appointed Impartial Chairman at the suggestion of Governor Smith's Advisory Committee, still retains the supervision of that phase. The most important part of Dr. Rogers's work will be the establishment of a mechanism to find better methods of marketing and distribution, fashion development, credit extension, and the amelioration of the relationship between manufacturers, retailers, and consumers.

China Worse Confounded

MAKING sense of the situation in China at the moment is almost more than any foreign observer—and

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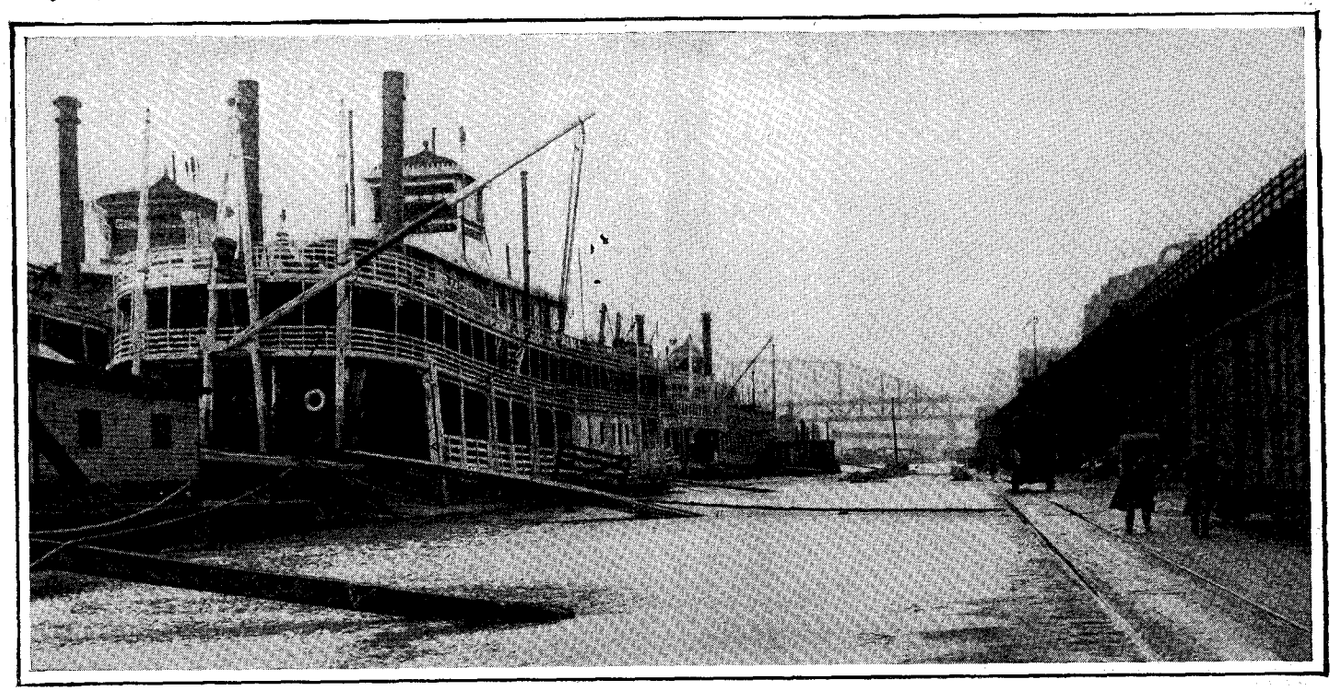

Wide World

A fleet of river boats alongside the water-front of St. Louis. The rising flood is shown creeping over the railroad tracks

probably many Chinese—can compass. Recent developments there have reduced it once again to a political picture puzzle.

The Nationalist Party controlling southern and central China has split into two factions—the moderates and the radicals. The moderates, headed by the Commander-in-Chief, General Chiang Kai-shek, have their capital at Nanking, on the Yangtze River, and their base at the port of Shanghai. The radicals have their capital and base at Hankow. They are said to have offered the military leadership to Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, long known as China's "Christian General." But Feng does not seem to have accepted; and, in any case, he is cut off with his army in the mountainous northern interior from active operations in the Yangtze region. Chiang, the moderate chieftain, who has directed the victorious advance of the Nationalists from Canton, in the far south of China, to the Yangtze Valley in central China, has started a new administration independent of the party committee at Hankow. Defying them and promising application of the principles of Sun Yat-sen, the founder of the Nationalist Movement, he has at the same time resumed an active drive against the militarists of northern China.

Meanwhile, the foreign Powers are left considering how to deal with attitudes of both Chiang and the Hankow radical organization to the Powers' demands for the protection of foreigners and for apologies and indemnities for the attacks on foreign officials and residents at Nanking. Apparently, Chiang is more ready to meet the desires of the Powers than Eugene Chen, who handles foreign affairs at Hankow.

Chiang, it is reported, holds the allegiance of the cadets who have been trained at the Whampoa Military Academy. They have been the backbone of the Nationalist army. If they stay with him, he is likely to be the man to deal with. In China, as in Russia during the Revolution, the question just now is, "Who has the most bayonets?"

The Gain in China's Struggle

FACED by the apparent collapse of the Nationalist campaign in China and the division in the party, most observers have tended to form the most pessimistic conclusions about Chinese affairs. "It's the old story," they say. "Just one more scrap for power between rival chiefs."

It is still early, however, to jump to that judgment. The situation may turn out in that way, but it still is to be seen whether General Chiang can rally effectively the support of the moderate and conservative Nationalists. If he can, there may be great gain from the present discord and disorder.

Had the Nationalist armies swept on to Peking without a break in the party ranks behind them, a far more troublesome issue might have arisen—for China herself as well as for the foreign Powers in their relations with China. At some time the question whether the moderates or the radicals were to control would have to be decided. With a Nationalist administration in command of the whole of China proper, it might have been difficult to avoid a period in which the radicals would have seized and held power. That would have made more difficulties than a fight now. If Chiang and the moderates can dispose of the radicals by taking the time necessary to do it now, they will accomplish a great deal and save much time for the future.

Chiang may prove himself to be a sort of Chinese Kerensky. The question is whether he can be more for China than Kerensky succeeded in being for Russia. And, further, is there a Chinese Lenine or Trotsky—or both—concealed somewhere in the background?

Mexico in Turmoil

NEWS despatches, even those from Mexico, are rarely so contradictory as those of recent date. The views offered as to the massacre of soldiers and passengers on a railway train in the State of Jalisco and as to the departure or banishment of Catholic prelates are colored—and highly colored—by the sources from which they come.

No one can possibly deny the atrocity of the railway massacre. It has been described by President Calles as the most barbarous in Mexican history—which is saying a great deal! But a first report that the bandits or revolutionaries drenched the cars with kerosene and deliberately burned the passengers was later admitted to be untrue; the slayers' allegation is that the soldiers hid behind and among the passengers and that they hadn't time to sort them out. Those who can may believe the charge of President Calles's Chief of Staff, General Alvarez, that "a group of bandits, organized by the Catholic episcopate and

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personally directed by three priests, attacked the train."

Equally contradictory are the anti-Government faction's assertion that the Government is executing bishops without just cause and that the prelates, including Archbishop Mora, titular head of the Mexican Catholic Church, have been formally banished, and the Governmental declaration that the prelates are fleeing because they know they are guilty of stirring up revolution and that Mexican bishops are leading an armed revolt.

From Chihuahua and some five or six other States come reports of uprisings and unrest.

Not for years has the situation in Mexico been more turbulent and dangerous than at the present moment.

Remembrance in France for American Women

A WAR memorial to commemorate the American women who gave their lives during the World War has been inaugurated in Paris. It bears the name of the Katherine Baker Memorial, proclaiming the service of one nurse, and through her all her compatriots. Katherine Baker was about to be admitted to the Pennsylvania bar when the war broke out. Leaving for France almost immediately, she joined the French Hospital Service. On the entrance of her country into the war she was transferred to the American Red Cross. Although greatly weakened by her constant service, she steadfastly refused to yield under the great strain, until further work brought on her death.

The Katherine Baker Memorial is eminently suitable as a tribute. It is not a marble monument. It is a home for destitute little French girls, and it will serve as a dormitory and classroom for thirty of them, where they will live and learn until they can care for themselves. The work has been completed under a French social organization, "La Tutelaire," on whose grounds the house stands, and which will continue its support. In all ways the erection, made possible through more than three hundred French and American donations, reflects the spirit of the woman whose name it bears.

Common Speech as a Fine Art

ART is a flame, a high cause. It is not any form of expression, but is rather the life breath of every meaningful form of expression. Art may shape a cathedral, working with tons of stone through the mechanism of the minds and hands of an organization of builders; or art may lend the whole of its substance to an etching needle making three hundred scratches on a small copper plate. Art plays magic with the sea of tone from a great symphony orchestra; yet the most exquisite and most marvelous musical instrument is the voice that is in every person when it is under the mastery of an artist.

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Edith Wynne Matthison

Art is so real, so simple in its essence, so omnipresent, that the artists may be "ordinary" people carrying it into the normal affairs of their life. Many lives themselves are masterpieces of conscious, but concealed, art. But popular recognition and the praise wrought of understanding go almost without exception to the formal artistic performances in studios and on stages. Therefore it is gratifying to learn of the presentation for the second time of the American Academy of Arts and Letters' medal for diction on the stage. The recipient was Edith Wynne Matthison. The only previous recipient had been Walter Hampden, in 1925. Although these people are dramatic artists of a high order, the medal which they received was not for their dramatic art, but for an art within that art, an art supporting that art—the beauty of common speech, which is ready to respond to the efforts of every man and woman.

"The River of Doubt"

AN interesting preliminary report has been published of the Brazilian expedition conducted by Commander George M. Dyott, an English writer and explorer. His party followed the course of the perilous journey taken through jungles and down dangerous streams by Theodore Roosevelt in 1914. Commander Dyott found extreme difficulty and met semi-hostile natives, but he was far better equipped than Roosevelt, especially in having collapsible canoes. Even so, he wisely sent back to Rio de Janeiro overland valuable records before daring the rapids in which the Roosevelt party was wrecked.

The report of this expedition says that it literally followed Roosevelt's footsteps, that it identified his camp sites and refuse piles, and even a felled tree "bearing the marks of Roosevelt's ax."

It is a little exasperating to read in press comments that now we have documentary evidence to support Roosevelt's "claim," and that the question is now settled as to whether Roosevelt "actually penetrated unexplored regions and made a trustworthy contribution to geography and science." There never was any doubt, at least among American geographers and those who took pains to know just what Roosevelt actually asserted about that trip, that he did precisely what he said he did. Paragraphers harped on the phrase "lost river" without stopping to ask when or how the river became mislaid. The question was as to where the Rio Duvida, a tributary to the Madeira River, which is in turn an important tributary of the Amazon, had its rise and course. Mr. Roosevelt himself stated the result in a telegram to the Brazilian Minister of Foreign Affairs upon his emergence from the wilderness. He said:

> We have put on the map a river about fifteen hundred kilometers in length, running from just south of the thirteenth degree to north of the fifth degree, and the biggest affluent of the Madeira. Until now its upper course has been utterly unknown to every one, and its lower course, although

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known for years to the rubber men, utterly unknown to all cartographers. Its source is between the twelfth and thirteenth parallels of latitude south, and between longitude 59° and longitude 60° from Greenwich.

In his address before the National Geographic Society he said also, "The work of the expedition of which I was a member was essentially a zoögeographic reconnaissance."

We doubt whether a full and detailed account of the hardships suffered in that journey has ever been published. Mr. Roosevelt himself barely escaped alive; he was not at all inclined in writing or talking on the subject to put his own danger to the front. Here is a bare and incomplete statement made (not by him) in The Outlook for July 14, 1914:

> The party ran out of provisions and were in a famished condition before they reached civilization again. Some of their canoes were upset in the rapids, and Mr. Roosevelt himself contracted a severe case of tropical malarial fever, so that when he reached Manaos he had lost forty-five pounds in weight. He also injured and infected his leg while working over the canoes in the rapids. This injury resulted in an abscess, which the doctor of the expedition had to open and treat by the insertion of a drainage tube. With this drainage tube in his leg and in an emaciated condition he was forced to tramp many miles over portages and through the forest, living part of the time on the flesh of monkeys and the boiled tops of palm trees.

The adventure of the so-called River of Doubt was, in fact, one of the most thrilling episodes in the history of exploration. The Roosevelt big-game hunt in Africa was child's play compared to it. Yet ingenious detractors tried in vain to make it take the aspect of a comic imposture. Scientists know better.

"Lost" Lands of the North

WHILE there remain "blind spots" on the map of the Arctic North men will not be content. Wilkins is back from exploration and hazardous adventure; MacMillan is preparing to set forth.

Captain George H. Wilkins this year made his second attempt to discover land north of Alaska. With a group of three airplanes he established his base at Point Barrow, prepared to search for the solid ground that, according to Eskimo folk-lore, rises out of the vast frozen sea. In one of the planes he and his pilot, Carl Ben Eielson, "took off" one day toward the end of March in the direction of the "Pole of Inaccessibility"—the Arctic point most difficult of access. They were forced to land their machine on the ice after they had gone 550 miles without finding land. Twice they were able to get into the air again; but after they had returned to within seventy miles of Beechey Point, east of Point Barrow, they came down and could not rise again. Their low-powered radio set sent the code message for "engine trouble" through to Point Barrow; but then for sixteen days, while their fate was unknown to men, they worked their way afoot over rough ice, around gaping breaks in the ice, carrying only enough provisions barely to last their trek, to the shore at Beechey Point. Thence to Point Barrow a messenger carried the news of their safe return.

(C) Underwood & Underwood

George H. Wilkins

Commander Donald B. MacMillan, a veteran of the North, will sail some time in July with five other scientists, to be frozen in until the summer of 1928. Their primary object is further information about the geology, the botany, and the zoölogy of Greenland.

While exploration goes forward in the North, another phase of adventure, the attempt to fly between Paris and New York, has been marred by the tragedy of a fatal accident to Commander Noel Davis and Lieutenant Stanton H. Wooster, the pilots of the American Legion, a large biplane which was nearly ready to make the attempt.

The President on Foreign Policy

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, in his address before the twentieth anniversary dinner of the United Press Associations in New York, has given significant definition to the policies of the Administration in dealing with the troublesome problems of Mexico, Nicaragua, and China. His statement is to be welcomed as a clear re-emphasis of essential American principles for which he has the right to expect cordial support.

Before going into the specific questions which he chose to discuss, the President directed his attention to the press and its function in treating matters of foreign policy. Paying a tribute to the press of the United States for its standards of public service, he urged upon its consideration two points. The first was the importance of giving fair and considerate representation to foreign peoples. The second was the duty of reporting and discussing the policies of our own Government from a loyally American point of view.

No doubt, much harm is done by the inconsiderate or malicious misrepresentation of other countries in correspondence, comment, and cartoons. And, while a little mischief now and then is relished by the best of men, the President is unquestionably right in urging that the treatment of other nations should always be just and so far as possible friendly in spirit.

As to discussion of Governmental policies by the press, the terms of the

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President's speech put no limitation on freedom of criticism. He requests only that criticism should be soundly based on American interests, and not designed to embarrass the Government in discharging its obligation to protect those interests. In this his contention is not only right but timely. There has been a tendency in some quarters to adopt the point of view of other nations, rather than our own, in attacking the decisions of our Government. Naturally, the point of view of the other party to a dispute must be taken into account; but to substitute it for our own is to cease to be a useful critic, and to become instead an irritation and possibly a danger.

Mexico has presented the most troublesome problems with which the Administration has had to deal. The controversy over the application of the new Mexican Constitution of 1917, nationalizing the land and subsoil rights, and its effect on agricultural, mining, and petroleum titles acquired by citizens of the United States before its passage, have become familiar matters of news. With the President's statement of the duty of the Government to insist upon preservation of legitimate property interests there can be no quarrel, and he should find the country solidly behind him. A question might be raised, however, regarding the argument as to the treatment due to these interests from the present Mexican Government on the basis of the agreements reached with the preceding Government of President Obregon. When we insist that President Calles should do what we understand the representatives of President Obregon agreed to, we should be ready to have the same principle applied to our own policies. Would we like to accept the theory that President Harding and President Coolidge should be bound by what President Wilson agreed to? It is a question that must be considered if we wish to be fair in setting up a precedent.

For Nicaragua, and indeed for the whole of Central America down to the Panama Canal, the President has declared what amounts to a new—or at least a freshly stated—doctrine of moral responsibility. Briefly put, it is the responsibility to support legally constituted governments, discourage revolutions, promote good order, and protect foreign interests, without assuming control of internal affairs. In general, the program which the President has outlined commands accord and allegiance as a logical complement to the Monroe Doctrine and an inevitable obligation of the United States because of its geographical position and the vital necessity of security. But the President's definition of the policy is so momentous, and its application in detail is so complicated, that it demands fuller and more careful consideration than can be given as this issue of The Outlook goes to press. It will receive attention later.

As regards China, what the President has said is a reassurance that the fundamental American principles of independence of action in the Far East and of respect for the integrity of the Chinese Republic will be pursued. There can only be hearty agreement that it is necessary to protect the lives of citizens of the United States in China, and so far as possible their property, during the civil war there. And the President has given a guaranty that, while this is being done, our Government stands ready to negotiate with any authentic Chinese Government and to come to an agreement to regulate future relations.

Altogether, the President's speech is a clarification of the international position of the United States which was needed, and the principles he has affirmed should secure country-wide support.

To American Catholics

AS Americans, loyal to your country, and as Roman Catholics, loyal to your Church, you may wonder why multitudes of Americans not of your faith are distrustful of the influence of the Church you love and remain unsatisfied by the result of the Smith-Marshall correspondence. Even among those who, being thoroughly convinced that he has no allegiance which in the slightest degree would interfere with his allegiance to his country, would not hesitate to vote for Governor Smith for any office, who, moreover, resent any attempt to apply a religious test to any political candidate, there are many who still feel that the Roman Catholic Church is not merely a religious body, but a political power which has in it elements of danger to American institutions. Whether it is reasonable or unreasonable, their feeling is not the product of religious bigotry. It has its origin in history and experience.

Of course, I do not expect or wish to persuade you that that feeling is justified; but, as a fellow-American and a Protestant (a liberal Protestant, I think I should be generally called), I should be glad to have you understand, even if you cannot share, the point of view of those who have this feeling and some of the reasons for it.

We here in America (a Nation made up of all the peoples of the world, of many creeds, Gentile and Jew, Protestant and Catholic, and people of no creed) must learn to live together, and work together and govern ourselves; and if we are to do that, we must, as far as we can, understand one another's points of view. It is for that reason that I write this as a contribution to that effort we all should constantly make to understand one another.

In the first place, what has evoked such correspondence as that between Governor Smith and Mr. Marshall is not the objection of those of one creed to the political advancement of those of another. It is not a question of religious doctrine at all. This should be plain to any one who remembers what happened in the Presidential election of 1908. If there is one point of doctrine on which a greater, deeper feeling has centered than on any other it is the belief in the divinity of Christ. In that belief is involved an emotion of personal relationship of the believer in Him whom he calls his Master that has its counterpart in feelings that have easily risen into passionate conflict. If religious doctrine as such were a touchstone in American politics, it would have appeared at the time when William Howard Taft, then, as now, the most eminent Unitarian layman in the country, was nominated and elected to the Presidency. It is true that at that time the question was raised; but it was brushed aside. Mr. Taft was overwhelmingly elected. If there was any consideration of his creed, it was so minute as to be utterly negligible. We may safely dismiss religious belief as such in noting reasons for the political position in which Roman Catholics find themselves in this country. It is not a matter of theological doctrine at all.

It may seem a far cry to go back from America in the twentieth century to Europe in the Middle Ages, but Protestant views of the Roman Catholic Church have their roots deep in history. One of the claims of the Roman Catholic Church is that to permanence of nature and aim. Its power as a Church rests upon the continuity of its life and its authority. It invites reverence for its past. And those who examine the past find that as an organization it has continuously through the ages exercised political power. Its Popes have claimed sovereignty over kings. One has only to mention the claims of such Popes as Hildebrand (Gregory VII), Adrian IV, Alexander III, and Innocent III to recall the power of the Church in directing and controlling the political course of sovereigns. Those who cherish the institutions of liberty which we in America have inherited from those who had gained them by long and bitter struggle in England cannot forget that

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Springfield, Missouri

Household stuff

(The Taming of the Shrew, Act III, Scene 2)

Talburt in the Knoxville (Tennessee) News-Sentinel

No chance for progress

From Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

Petrie in the New York Evening World

Copyright Press Publishing Company (New York World), 1927

What's wrong with this picture?

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

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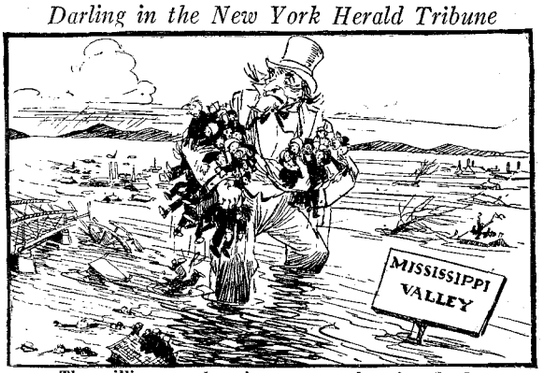
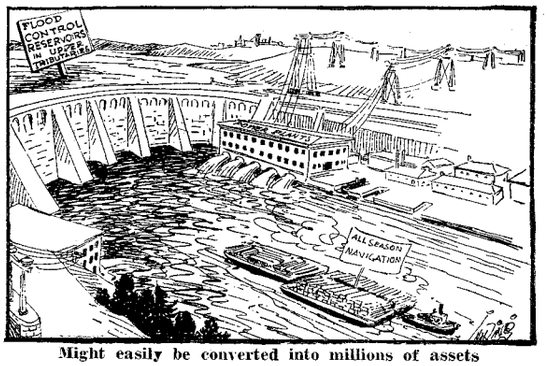
The farmer's predicament

From O. B. Nelson, Kendallville, Ind.

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune



The millions we lose in our annual spring floods



Might easily be converted into millions of assets

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Some day maybe we'll get around to do something about it

From W. A. Johnson II, Norfolk, Va.

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Magna Charta was wrung from King John because of what the Catholic Encyclopedia calls "the surrender of England into the hands of the Pope." If this history were merely transitory, it would have been forgotten long ago, or remembered only as an episode in the dead past. But the political power of the Roman Catholic Church has never been surrendered. To-day the temporal power of the Pope may be said to have disappeared except in its ghostly exercise within the confines of the Vatican; but it remains in the very theory that the Pope is a prisoner since he cannot allow himself to be subject to the sovereign rule of any civil power. And though the claim of the Papacy to such power as it once exercised in the political affairs of nations has seemed to become attenuated, nevertheless in such documents as Pope Pius IX's Syllabus of Errors and Pope Pius XI's encyclical last year instituting the feast of the Kingdom of Christ it is possible to find expressions that can be reasonably interpreted as claiming the ascendency of the Roman Catholic Church over the civil power of nations.

If this were merely the survival of a theory, the question of the purposes of the Roman Catholic Church in relation to civil power would not affect the minds of most Americans, whether Catholic or Protestant; but it is not merely a theoretical question. Between European governments and the Vatican there are diplomatic relations similar to those between national governments. And within several European nations there are parties that are frankly Catholic. It is true that there are also parties known by Protestant names. For example, in the Netherlands there is a Calvinist party. The difference, however, between Catholic and Protestant parties in European countries lies in this fact—that the Protestant parties are national in scope, whereas the Catholic parties represent an international organization and involve an allegiance which whether consistent with allegiance to the State or not is distinct from it. The international character of the Roman Catholic Church has been recognized in a statement made by an eminent New York Roman Catholic lawyer in a brief drawn up on behalf of the Cardinal Archibishop of New York. In this brief Mr. William D. Guthrie cites a decision of the United States Supreme Court recognizing the Roman Catholic Church as a corporate body with a recognized status in international law. This corporate body is clearly not the creation of the State. It therefore differs from those corporations which are the creatures of the State. It is in that respect foreign to the State. In that sense the Roman Catholic Church in America is naturally regarded as a foreign Church. Indeed, in that respect it is a foreign Church in every land. If Americans have learned to be vigilant concerning those corporate bodies, commonly known as trusts, which are creatures of the State, is it surprising that they should feel it necessary also to be vigilant with regard to a great international corporate body, having a long history of political influence and power, which is not the creature of the State? Complete tolerance in one's attitude toward the religious creeds of others may thus be consistent with vigilance in respect to a corporate body which happens to be associated with a creed. In particular, does such vigilance seem to many Americans justified in view of the history of the efforts which have been made for the employment of the power and the treasury of the State on behalf of the Church? It has been necessary in this country to rally public opinion against the proposal to use public funds for the benefit of Catholic schools, to prevent the passage of laws to give the Catholic Church immunity from the sort of criticism or attack to which other institutions are open, and to insure public investigation and supervision of Church institutions which serve public needs.

A friend of mine who is by no means intolerant has stated the question in this wise: Suppose, he said, that the Episcopal Church was an organic part of the Church of England; suppose that every Episcopal bishop were appointed by or with the authority of the King of England and was regarded as having a princely status; suppose an ecclesiastical representative of the King of England should come to this country and be received with princely honors; suppose the occupant of a high political office should do him obeisance, kissing the signet ring that was the symbol of his relationship with the King of England; would it be regarded as an expression of religious bigotry for those who remembered the Declaration of Independence to wonder whether there was not some danger to the institutions of this country in such an episode? This is not an analogy; it is merely an illustration of that state of mind which, altogether apart from creed, it might be possible for loyal Americans of the Roman Catholic faith to understand if not to share.

In this issue of The Outlook is printed the account of a visit to a region made sacred by one of the saints of the Catholic Church. The power of that faith which guided St. Francis of Assisi is one which men of all faiths and men of no faith at all may well covet. In such a life there is that which brings people together. Of the influence of such a life and such a faith there is no fear. When a member of the Society of Jesus describes the secret of such a faith as Father Tierney does in an article on Catholic sociology published twelve years ago in "The Catholic Mind," he wins a common assent. Father Tierney writes: "When the great Precursor lay in his prison cell and sent messengers to Christ, asking if He were the Messiah, what word did Christ send back? Did He expound lofty doctrines? No; He simply said: Go back and tell him that the blind see, the deaf hear, go back and tell him that the halt are no longer infirm, go back and tell him that the poor have the Gospel preached unto them. . . . Our charter is clearly drawn up in the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew, beginning with the thirty-fourth and ending with the fortieth verse. You all remember it well, how the souls of the saved appear for judgment before the King who smiles and says: 'Come ye blessed of my father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me to eat: I was thirsty and you gave me to drink: I was a stranger and you took me in.' The blessed soul then asks: 'Lord, when did we see thee hungry and fed thee: thirsty and gave thee drink? And when did we see thee a stranger and took thee in?' And the King answers: 'I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me.' There is our charter." In the number of the saints which have lived according to the charter as thus described by Father Tierney the Catholic Church is rich; and among them are innumerable saints whom the Church herself has trained but has never canonized. The religious influence of the Catholic Church is something not to be feared but to be prized and emulated. No one honors it more than the true Protestant.

Meanwhile we who are Protestants need to be on our guard against the exercise by Protestant bodies of the very political power which we would deny to the Roman Catholic Church. We cannot preach to others what we would refuse to practice ourselves.

All freedom to the Church which sways men's minds and lives through the power of reverence; but until Americans change radically their views of free political institutions they will reserve the authority of compulsion and all control that goes with it to the State.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

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Well-Dressed Science

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

TWO articles in current magazines have set me thinking about the interesting relation of Science and Literature. It is not only the poets who must know how to express ideas in appropriate language; the research workers in the vast and mysterious field of physical or psychical phenomena must cultivate the art of self-expression, or their discoveries and deductions fall on stony ground.

Perhaps in no man of recent times was the scientific attitude towards life more highly developed than in Pasteur. Yet he once said, on his election to the French Academy:

> The brain alone is sufficient to meet the exactions of Science; but the soul and brain are co-workers in Literature, which explains the secret of the superiority of Literature in the march of civilization.

The two articles which recall this saying of Pasteur's are one on golf by Bernard Darwin in the "Atlantic" for May, and one on the city skyscraper by Henry James in the "World's Work" for May. The thing that especially interests me about these two articles is that their authors are the products of a scientific heredity and environment, and are yet pre-eminently men of letters. Their scientific cast of mind is, however, manifest in the exactness, reasonableness, and tolerance of their writings.

Bernard Darwin is a grandson of Charles Darwin, the monarch of biologists, and a son of Francis Darwin, the eminent botanist. A graduate of Cambridge, he was called to the bar, but abandoned that semi-scientific profession for letters and specializes in the literature of golf. There is much discussion whether golf is a science or an art. Indeed, philosophers are put to it to define the shadowy line that marks the boundary-line between science and art. It is sufficient to say that the greatest geniuses in plastic, pictorial, and architectural art have been students of such sciences as anatomy, optics, and engineering. The point is that Charles Darwin's grandson is an artist in his chosen field, although his grandfather sometimes sorrowfully complained that his devotion to the exactions of science had led to the atrophy of the artistic cells in his own brain. In the case of Bernard Darwin it may be a case of atavism, for Charles Darwin's grandfather—that is to say, Bernard's great-great-grandfather—Erasmus Darwin, had a fondness for verse and wrote a long didactic poem on the "Loves of the Plants" which had sufficient vogue in its day to be translated into French and Italian.

It is less surprising that Henry James, author of the second magazine article above referred to, should be an artist in literary expression. Though he is the son of a scientist—if pragmatic philosophy may be called a science—his grandfather, Henry James the first, was a man of letters. That great connoisseur of literary art, E. L. Godkin, the founder of the New York "Nation," once said of the elder James, "I suppose there was not in his day a more formidable master of English style." Henry James the second, the acknowledged prince of stylists in the realm of modern English fiction, was the uncle of the inquisitor of skyscrapers; and his father was William James, the inexorable thinker who "wrote philosophy like a novelist." It is little wonder that the present Henry James, while a lawyer by profession, has contributed to American biography one of its most delightful and perfect works—"The Letters of William James."

William James himself as a youth thought of being a painter, became a student at the Lawrence Scientific School, graduated from the Harvard Medical School, began his teaching career in anatomy and physiology, and finally landed in the chair of Psychology and Philosophy at Harvard. I do not recall the career of any American intellectual in which Science and Art have been so strikingly mingled. His love of literary art constantly displays itself in his letters. He speaks somewhere a little contemptuously of the "Ph.D.-ism" of our universities. In another letter he refers to "the gray-plaster temperament of our bald-headed young Ph.D.'s, boring each other at seminaries, writing those direful reports of literature in the 'Philosophical Review' and elsewhere, fed on 'books of reference,' and never confounding 'Æsthetik' with 'Erkenntnisstheorie.' Faugh!" And again, "I am getting impatient with the awful abstract rigamarole in which our American philosophers obscure the truth."

The Darwin family and the James family are both exponents of the important truth that the dignity of Science does not require her to be dowdy and run-down-at-the-heels, but that she may properly adorn herself with the best style of Literary Art, obtained, if necessary, at the always accessible shops of the poets and essayists.

Masterful Methodism

By DON C. SEITZ

IN spite of assaults from the unregenerate, from H. L. Mencken, and from the wets, the Methodists continue to be the most potent denominational force in the United States. Standing at the head of the Protestant procession, with the Baptists a close second, their number is sometimes overestimated because of their manifestations of energy. The "World Almanac" notes that of so-called Methodists there are 8,920,790 in the communion, but this includes fifteen varieties. The total credited to the Methodist Episcopal brand is 4,516,806. There are fourteen kinds of Baptists, totaling 8,397,914, with a growth in 1925 of 104,000. The Methodists expanded over twice as much—220,183, to be exact. This is the greatest denominational increase recorded, even the Catholics claiming but 203,000 new members.

So the Methodists can fairly claim the most vitality of any religious sect in America. But there is more to Methodism than its growth. It is as democratic as any of the American denominations, and it is fearlessly led. It bore the brunt of the campaign for prohibition, and has since supplied much of the sustaining moral backing of the Anti-Saloon League. It has been accused of meddling in politics, though the exact amount indulged in has never been reliably revealed. The Democrats of Indiana assert that the Church dominates the Republican Party there and keeps it in power. Probably the best Republican politicians in the State are Methodists, and so make a stronger appeal to their fellow-members than some Presbyterian Democrat would. The Superintendent

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of the Anti-Saloon League in the State is a Methodist minister, who keeps himself in pretty warm water. They are unafraid, these Methodists.

Beyond the pale of politics, however, the Methodists in and out of the pulpit are factors in affairs. They never hesitate to speak out in the interest of any cause that is foremost in their minds. Their activities are world-wide. Fearless of the Pope, they have established a strong center in Rome. To it they have drawn a considerable number of Italians, besides rousing much hostile feeling. This is a Methodist specialty. It is not their bigotry that annoys, because they have, on the whole, become pretty liberal; it is the amount of steam they seem capable of getting up and keeping at high pressure.

Just now their hands are plainly visible in foreign affairs. The Church has taken a firm stand in support of President Calles, of Mexico. When the imbroglio over excluding foreign-born clergy from the Republic arose, the Methodists accepted the limitation and proceeded to offset Catholic opposition in the United States. So, with the Knights of Columbus pleading for intervention in the name of religious liberty, the Methodists indorse the Mexicans and have tried to make themselves heard at Washington. The "Christian Advocate," published in New York, and edited by Dr. James R. Joy, has spoken unmistakable words of warning to President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg.

The Methodist enterprises in Mexico are large and well supported. The Church takes the stand that Mexico knows what it is doing and has ample reasons for its course. Incidentally, it has educated enough Mexican Methodist shepherds to take care of all the flocks. In the welter of confusion which has grown out of the situation south of the Rio Grande the Methodists discern a movement of distinct benefit to the Mexican people, and propose to do their share in seeing it through. A good many Klansmen are Methodists, and, naturally, look cross-eyed at a controversy where Catholicism is chiefly concerned. The bishops and editors, however, gaze much higher than that. They want to see education and mental liberty given a chance.

So, too, in China, where the Church has an enormous investment in missions and educational institutions, its stand is in favor of a China for the Chinese. It has protested against any Government interference that would check the progress of new China toward its goal. There is a visible cleavage between the Church and commercial interests in this matter. Big business prefers to deal with power, the Methodists with the multitude.

It is an unusual spectacle to see a great Church come forward and take a stand in international affairs, especially as missionary policy has always been supposed to keep religion out of politics. In the two instances now exciting the world something more than politics has come into being; that is, something more than the politics of party—to wit, the rights of man. This the Methodist authorities and "Advocate" have not hesitated to proclaim. If all this is a departure from strict spirituality, the Methodists do not mind. The Church is out for humanity, and will take its chances at the crop of sinners when things settle down once more.

That a single denomination should stand out so conspicuously in the turmoil is unusual. The timid will, of course, wish to chase the Methodists back to the pulpit and the mission. It is a safe assertion that they will not go. From the days of the circuit riders they have fought their way with the vigor of pioneers and a good humor that has never failed, probably using, on the whole, less brimstone than any other orthodox sect in the field. If it represents a good deal of unrefined Americanism, it also contains elements that have always been important in the Nation's progress.

Most of the energy comes, of course, from the Methodist Episcopal source. The fourteen other varieties are less potent from lack of numbers, and more intent on sustaining schism than performing good works.

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the proprieties, but, instead, to show how a Church can stand out in a crisis. Those who dread the coming together of all denominations in the Federal Council of Churches see in it a menace to our primal liberties. It may be so. But the Federation has fallen short of its purpose, though ably manned. Its power, if any, is in the size of its shadow. The Methodists have rarely stood still long enough to cast one. They are now moving faster than ever before.

Japan Turns a New Leaf

By ADACHI KINNOSUKE

ON the evening of April 16—even while the members of the late Wakatsuki Cabinet were gathered in the pallid circle of an extraordinary Cabinet session framing their resignation—Baron Giichi Tanaka and his Seiyukai seemed to have about as much chance of riding into power as a mouse at a congress of Cantonese rats. Nobody paid a really serious attention to any such possibility—especially the politically wise of Tokyo.

And on the 18th Tanaka was suddenly picked out of political nowhere and placed on the dais of the Premiership of Japan.

A man of ability—of real ability—a man who can really do things, is actually put into the conning tower of political Japan.

It is not the first time, of course, that such a thing has happened. Men of ability had worked into the Premiership of the Empire more than once in spite of all the cut-and-dried schemes of the political mice and the powers unseen. But in such cases it was largely due to their mastery of the gentle art of pulling the wire tangles behind the scene. The late Premier Kei Hara, who fell at the hand of a boy assassin at the time of the Washington Conference, was an outstanding example of a man of unquestioned ability making the top through this route. But mere genuine ability—especially of an aggressive type such as Tanaka's—has proved about the worst guide to our political peaks.

Just what, then, has now happened? Well, there always is one way open to the political Fuji peak to a man of ability and action, an exceptional way.

"When the world is white with snow," runs an old, old saying of the immemorial East, "then for the first time you come to see how evergreen the pine is." And when the ship of state plows into the teeth of a first-rate typhoon a nation usually has enough sense left to call for a real man to take the helm.

EARLY in April the now notorious Suzuki failure with some half a billion yen liabilities literally blew open the top of a financial volcano upon which Japan has been sitting ever since the coming of the post-war depression. Japanese financiers, vain, timid, fond of bluff, and utterly ignorant and inexperienced with large-scale finance, lacked

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the courage and wisdom for going through the painful operation of deflation following the war boom. Then, as the climax of a long series of bank failures, came the closing of the Bank of Taiwan (Formosa)—a semi-governmental institution—and of the 15th Bank. And that struck home even into the bewildered understanding of the people the full meaning of the catastrophe. Especially, the 15th Bank. There was a bank counting among its thousands of depositors the Imperial Household Department and some three hundred peers of the realm. It has been known as perhaps the most conservative among the big banks of the land.

It is quite a storm. It is big enough for any Taro and Jiro on the street to see the bigness of it. No mere gold-braided egg-shell of a bureaucrat can be trusted with the hallowed ship of state in a storm of this magnitude. That much was quite plain. And the one exceptional way opened—for a man of ability and action.

This precisely was the way through which Great Saigo stepped into the supreme command of the Brocade Banner (of the Emperor's forces) in those birthdays of the Meiji era in 1867.

So to-day, as in the critical times sixty years ago, it is a great storm which has at last forced the lone surviving Elder Statesman, Prince Saionji, and a group of precious antiques furnishing the council chamber of the Empire to call out a political Moses.

BARON GIICHI TANAKA is not much of a prophet—witness the spirited manner in which he charged right into the jungle of the Siberian expedition when he was the War Minister under Hara. But he has this advantage over a mere prophet: He typifies his own country in its ups and downs as no other public leader now living seems to do. His life story is the political history of Nippon in little.

He was born in the city of Yamaguchi in the famous clan of Choshu. Many historians look upon that as the cradle city of the New Nippon. With Takachika Mori, Lord of the Choshu Clan, gathering the young men of aspiration there, it was certainly one of the fountain-heads of pro-Kyoto inspiration. Tanaka was born there in 1863—not quite five years before the world heard the birth-cry of the New Nippon, with the Meiji Emperor back on the dais of the Mikado.

It was from this same historic city of Yamaguchi that a young man called Aritomo Yamagata came. He was serving the Lord Mori as a young and humble retainer in those days. It was this same young man who later became Prince Yamagata, famous as the father of the Japanese army, and by far the most powerful of the Elder Statesmen of Japan. And, more interesting still to this brief sketch of our new Premier, it was the same Elder Statesman who later achieved the distinction of becoming a relative by marriage to Tanaka.

Young Tanaka started his life as a

Photograph from Adachi

Baron Giichi Tanaka

soldier. And in that very first act of his career he was mirroring the aspirations of his land and time. When Nippon woke from the three-century dream of feudal isolation in 1853 under the persuasive muzzles of the American fleet under Commodore Perry at Uraga Bay, she saw an array of impressive things: that the British Empire was the master of India; that the same Power drove the opium trade and many an unspeakable dose of humiliation down the protesting throat of her mighty neighbor, the Middle Kingdom; that the same Power was also the undisputed master of all the trade routes of the world and would not even let the august sun have a few hours of sleep over its globe-girdling domain—all these through what magic power? Even to the sleep-heavy eyes of Nippon the answer seemed simple and clear: Through the gesture of its mailed fist, through the strength that was in its modern arms, through the application of modern scientific knowledge to the service and art of war. Naturally enough, the New Japan tuned her aspiration on the same key. Young Tanaka became a soldier.

His rise in the army was swift. Soon, not only the army, but the whole Empire was talking of him as the particular pet son of the powerful Choshu clique. And when he married a blood relation of Prince Yamagata the whole country was delighted to say that the mantle of the mighty Elder Statesman would find ample shoulders to fall upon.

And precisely at that moment of his triumph the world current suddenly turned and left him swirling in a shadowy eddy.

THE World War had come to an end; with it, militarism rusted in the shell-holes of France. It took Tanaka some little time to find the real significance of it all. He was reported to have backed the Siberian expedition of the Hara Cabinet with all his might. It ended as a stupendous failure—dismal and very expensive for Nippon. The storm of bitter criticism broke; it centered its fury on General Tanaka. Perhaps it was the precious lessons he learned then that persuaded him a few years later to take the fateful step. Let's have it in his own words:

> As years passed [he wrote last year, reviewing his reason for quitting the army] the tide of aggression and force that once threatened to strike Japan at the root subsided. A new world-tide of peace came on. Japan of the future must thrive under this world peace, and achieve the full enjoyment of human happiness.
>
> In order to realize this ideal, I laid aside my sword and military uniform in April, 1925, to enter political life here. As a politician I am nothing but an inexperienced man. The party, however, which has honored me with its leadership is a great and powerful one, with the reputation of being the oldest political organization in Japan.

But just what does Baron Tanaka and his Cabinet propose to do? What is their program?

Speaking at a great mass-meeting of the Seiyu Party in the city of Niigata, early in October, last year, Tanaka said:

> The negative policy of the present Cabinet [the Wakatsuki Cabinet] has throttled the spirit of people's enterprise. It has damaged the smooth

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working of our economic machinery. It has resulted in the wreck of credit; it has brought about an extreme pressure on the money market; unemployment everywhere. We are suffering from a business depression unparalleled in recent years. . . . I stand for a constructive policy of placing the country on the foundation of productive industries. Full supply of foodstuffs and an unfailing flow of industrial raw materials are the greatest problems which govern the destiny of the Empire. We must open up the uncultivated land within our domain, improve the land already under the plow, and develop our natural resources, of course. But, more than that, we must consider means of securing our industrial raw materials from the sections of the continent which are in intimate economic relations with the Empire. It naturally follows that the Chino-Japanese economic alliance and the safeguarding of the special sections in Manchuria are the problems of absolute importance to our Empire. And that is why we should center our entire energy upon our diplomatic relations with China and watch the peace and disturbance in the special regions of Manchuria and Mongolia. And we entertain the utmost confidence in establishing a suitable policy to attain our aims.

These are mere statements, of course. Woods and the speeches of our politicians are full of them. There is this about it, however. The quotation above comes from Giichi Tanaka. And that makes all the difference in the world. For there is a man who means what he says. And our people have come to know that what he means he rarely fails to put into action. And no one knows this better than the various leaders of warring factions in both North and South China. Most of them know it through their own personal experience. They know they can depend on the words of Baron Tanaka—about the only man in Nippon who commands their confidence without reservations.

Therefore what Tanaka says about China at this time takes on the emphasis of an epochal statement of utmost importance.

Oriental Markets

The Buying Power of the Far East

By CAPTAIN ROBERT DOLLAR

FOREIGN trade, because it disposes of a country's surplus production, has always been the commercial salvation of every nation since the days when the daring merchantmen of Tyre decided to seek markets for their goods in the countries which lay across the Mediterranean.

To-day, the United States, because of its highly systematized method of mass production, is unquestionably setting the pace in the manufacture of all manner of commodities.

But what of the distribution of these articles in foreign lands?

Unfortunately, I all too frequently find that there is a tendency on the part of many sales executives to be wholly content with domestic consumption. When queried regarding their apathy for foreign trade, these gentlemen explain that they feel that their wares cannot be adapted to the requirements of people who are ignorant of the American standard of living.

Personal observation, particularly in countries of the Far East, where the awakening of modern civilization has been slow, has proved to me that there are markets of undreamed-of size and dependability awaiting our merchants if they will go out and patiently develop a demand for their products.

To prove that I am not unduly optimistic, I will relate briefly the conversation which has taken place more than once when I encounter an American manufacturer who regards the limitless markets of the Far East with timidity. When I discover that he fails to be impressed with my remarks on the subject, I abruptly ask him a question:

"When did you last eat sardines?"

Surprise invariably sweeps over the face of the man I have addressed, then he looks puzzled. What possible interest can I have in his diet when I have just been propounding the value of foreign trade? As likely as not, he will reply:

"Well, I really can't remember. Sardines—let me see—think I ate some at a picnic last summer."

Expecting an answer of this sort, I am ready with figures—figures of deep significance because they disclose the vastness of the buying power of the markets of the Far East.

"Quite true," I tell him. "You, and a few million other Americans, eat sardines on an average of about once a year. That is why Pacific coast canners operated on such a small scale for many years. But out in such countries as Malay, and Java, and Burma, and India, over eighty-four million cans of this fish are eagerly consumed each year—the same kind of fish that is served by American housewives at more or less irregular intervals—and those Orientals would eat the contents of another eighty-four million cans if American packers could supply the demand!"

This simple statement of fact never fails to impress.

Eighty-four million cans of sardines! Humble and insignificant as the sardine is in America—and Europe, for that matter—it is regarded as a great delicacy, a great luxury, by Orientals, who, for all their poverty, spend a sum in excess of eleven million dollars annually to please their palates.

HERE, I think, is one of the most encouraging examples of the vast distribution possible for an American product—really a luxury to the buyers—among races of people who exist on unbelievably small sums of money. Consider that prior to the advent of the American sardine—mind you, it must be an American sardine, one of the large, meaty variety which is caught only on the Pacific coast, and it must be smothered in tomato sauce—your Malay Mohammedan, Burmese Buddhist, and Bengali Hindu conformed to the religious restrictions of his faith by eating fish which had been freshly caught a comparatively short distance from the local bazaars; fish which could be purchased for such a small sum of money that it is difficult for us to conceive the reduction of a cent to such fractions.

Back of this widespread demand for sardines is a story which typifies what foresight and initiative on the part of an export official connected with one of the fish-canning companies did in bringing about the sale of fish in countries where fish were already bountifully available at prices so small that they can scarcely be calculated in American money.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago this official made a trip to the Far East. In those days such a journey was considered only from the sightseeing angle by

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manufacturers. Undoubtedly, this man's family, friends, and business associates thought his mind was weakening when he set out for Japan, China, and the Philippines with the idea of developing trade for canned goods. Americans at that time knew very little about canned food, and Orientals knew very little about anything that concerned America. This man realized that it would not be feasible for him to force his product immediately on a class of people who had been accustomed to ordering their lives in the same groove for the past thousand years or more. This, however, did not prevent him from personally distributing cans of sardines in native bazaars; anything but a pleasant task, I can assure you, for the smells, yells, and general confusion in the narrow streets and shops that were no bigger than stalls proved a serious handicap when combined with the fact that all business had to be transacted through an interpreter.

By the time this man had visited bazaars in Japan and China he was pretty well played out and very glad to reach the Philippines. His early enthusiasm had waned, and after a more or less casual interview with an import-and-export firm in Manila he decided to return as quickly as possible to America. Out of his original consignment of sardines four cases remained. These he turned over to the manager of the Manila firm, with the suggestion that they could be distributed in any manner the local representative saw fit.

A considerable time passed. The canning official returned to America, and was again immersed in the problems incident to the furthering of the sale of his product. A few orders from China and Japan served to reward him in a slight degree for his valiant efforts to introduce canned fish to those countries. One day a letter arrived from Manila requesting the shipment of a hundred and forty-four cases to Singapore. Much as the cannery man prided himself on his knowledge of the Far East, he had to hurriedly consult an atlas to find out just where Singapore was located—remember that was a quarter of a century ago.

Well, that was the beginning. Year by year the sardine business grew, so that now this same official has but one complaint—he cannot average a large enough pack each year to satisfy the demands. And do not for a moment think that his company has a monopoly on the export of sardines. There are many canneries located along the Pacific coast; Monterey, some eighty miles below San Francisco, is the community where the greatest percentage of fish are caught and packed each season. San Pedro, which adjoins Los Angeles Harbor, also boasts of many factories. The season is from July until mid-March at Monterey, and from November until March at San Pedro. The fish are quite large, are akin to a smelt in size, and for this reason ideal for export.

THERE is no need to dwell on the added prosperity this great canning industry has brought to California. An export business of over eleven million dollars a year, which, by the way, constitutes eighty per cent of the entire pack, speaks for itself.

It seems to me that the manner in which these fish are distributed should be of especial interest; it emphasizes the old, old story, that mass production and mass distribution—no matter how small the retail price of the article may be—is the surest means of building up a successful enterprise.

The packers ship the fish in wooden cases which each contains forty-eight cans. Oftentimes a single transpacific shipment will amount to over a hundred thousand cases, all of which are destined for the countries of the Orient which lie south of the Philippines, for, strange as it may seem, Japan and China have never acquired a marked liking for sardines. Into the ports of Singapore; Pontianak, Borneo; Batavia, Java; Rangoon, Burma; Colombo, Ceylon; and Calcutta, India, goes a portion of each large shipment. Various export houses in these cities take consignments ranging from ten thousand cases down to as few as fifty. Instead of jobbers, each firm has agents in the more remote inland cities and towns. These agents send in orders for ten, fifty, a hundred cases, as few as a dozen tins, and, in the very small villages, one tin. The majority of stores where the sardines are placed on sale are, to our Western eyes, little more than bamboo-matting huts, which huddle by a jungle roadside or front on some swiftly flowing tropical torrent. To these shops go natives in bright-colored garments—Malays, Malay-Chinese, Burmese, Tamils, the Hindus and Mohammedans of a hundred and more races of India; not the coolies, mind you, for coolies live mainly on raw grains and occasionally rice curry; these people who go to buy are the legion of the lower middle class—tailors, cooks, house boys, farmers, metal workers, and a thousand other types of workers. Rarely, if ever, do they buy more than a single fish! Not a single can—a single fish! Sometimes they bargain for half, or a quarter of the delicacy, according to their affluence. On a large wet leaf, they accept the food of their choosing after it has been covered with a carefully measured amount of tomato sauce. A minute copper piece joins other minute copper pieces in the shopkeeper's tin money box, and up the road strolls the contented purchaser, his eyes asparkle with the feast he is balancing on his upturned palm.

In the cities better-class natives, such as merchants, office workers, brokers of jute, tea, and rice, go to their favorite shops in the bazaar districts and order a can of sardines, then collect a number of their friends and indulge in an impromptu banquet.

SO it goes. And all because a man had four unwanted cases of sardines in Manila twenty-five years ago. Those four cases at current market figures were then worth something in the neighborhood of twenty dollars—surely a small investment for the founding of such a vast export business.

There are some people who will say that the growth of the sardine business was a matter of luck. I contend such is not the case—any more so than the success with which half a hundred other American products have met with in the countries of the Far East. It must be borne in mind, however, that this business has come gradually during the past twenty-five years, in the face of terrific competition. Yet once the natives were convinced that the taste of American sardines were superior to any other fish they had ever eaten, they promptly vetoed their home-caught variety.

This is but another instance of the importance of personal contact in foreign trade. Years of experience in doing my best to promote foreign trade prove that the yearly visits I make to various world centers, where I call upon business men who have interests kindred to mine, have done more than anything else to bring to pass the culmination of many of my ideals. And surely, if I, a man with more than fourscore birthdays to my credit, can still exert this amount of energy in behalf of my business, a few younger men can do likewise, with the same results.

THOSE of us who are in business on the Pacific coast are more keenly aware than ever of the tremendous future that awaits exporters who are willing to enter into trade with the Far East. As I have tried to show in this article, it is not the amount consumed by each buyer, nor the individual sum expended on an article that makes for success; it is distribution. The markets of the Orient are limitless.

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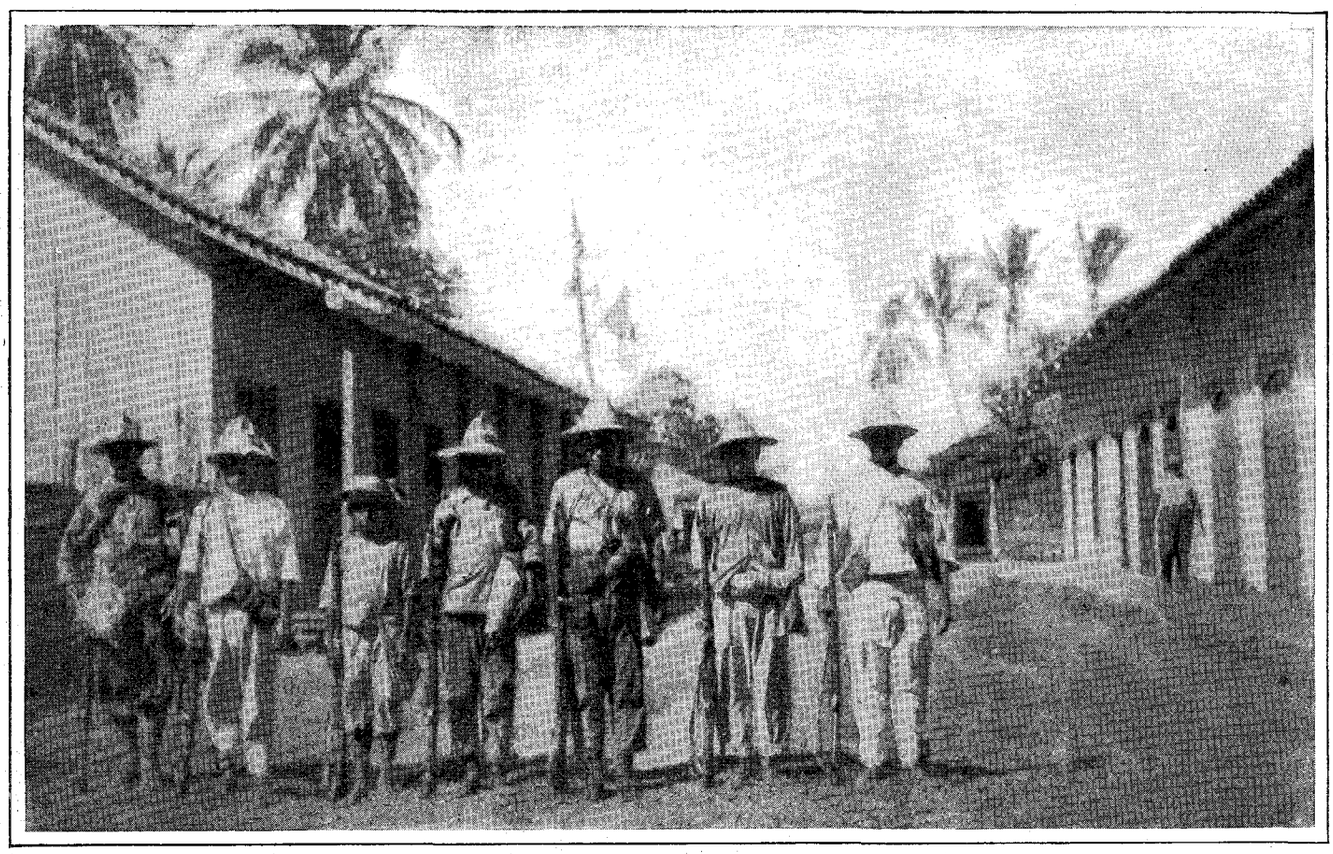

If we knew the color of their hat-bands, we could tell you whether these were Government troops or revolutionists

More Letters from Nicaragua

Nicaragua,
February 28, 1927.

EACH day starts with the chickens. All the roosters that a cock-fighting people gather around them sound the final note of a night that has been made hideous by myriads of dogs, all mangy and half-starved. One of the officers said his hardest job was to keep the dogs awake during the day, so that they would sleep at night.

When the clamor has subsided, there is nothing left to do but get up. Therefore each morning before six o'clock I may be seen completing my toilet on the balcony at the end of the room, suspended over the street, where I can watch the native women coming in from the country to the early market. Sometimes it is a whole family, but usually the man stays at home—this, on the assumption that he is not off to the wars. All the produce is carried on the head—in wooden trays, gourds as big as pumpkins, or, rarely, in an enameled wash-basin. If there is but little to be carried, the youngest carries it; if more, the youngster carries more, and it takes an unusual quantity for some of the cargo to work its way up the line to the heads of the older women.

While shaving I take a hand in the marketing for the day, watching the trays as they are carried beneath my balcony. A few eggs here, chicken from another, fruits and red beans are about all that is offered. The other day we had papaya without any lemons or limes to go with it, and to repair the omission at the first opportunity I called to a girl carrying a tray of limes to bring them up. She did not dare run as she wanted to do and she was scared stiff when she got to the top of the stairs. The mother did not expect to see her again, and the relief on the faces of the family was obvious when this small child returned unharmed to the street, having sold several dozens of limes at four cents a dozen instead of at the current price of one cent. Now mother and daughter come under my window daily, with a *"Buenas dias"* and a tender of the day's produce.

Both sides are sick of the fighting and talk with longing of the return of the days when they shipped so many heads of cattle, so much dyewood and mahogany, and when the sugar mill was grinding. Not only has the evil of suspended or destroyed business and business plants flattened the pocketbooks of the owners, but there has come in its train the greater evil of enforced idleness or soldiering, a compulsory choice for the hundreds of peon employees. If they cannot work for food and clothes for their families, they take up the red or blue hat-band as a license to acquire by pillage what they formerly helped to create.

March 2, 1927.

I CANNOT withdraw myself from the horror and misery that rides this poor country. My days are started with tales that if only half true would move a heart of stone, and on until the night one pitiful story is piled on another. This morning before I had had breakfast a poor woman came here to ask for protection in the future, not for justice for the wrongs done her and her niece by thirty beasts of men. Another has had his coffee crop taken from him, the product of his labor for months, and his payment is a blow. Again, I am asked to find out what has been done to a brother since his arrest and disappearance. The 'phone rings, and the outpost reports that some two or three soldiers have robbed a near-by farmer of his horses, tied the women on them, and are starting for the hills; and, "What shall we do, sir?"

To all the answer is the same. We are here to stop all fighting that endan-

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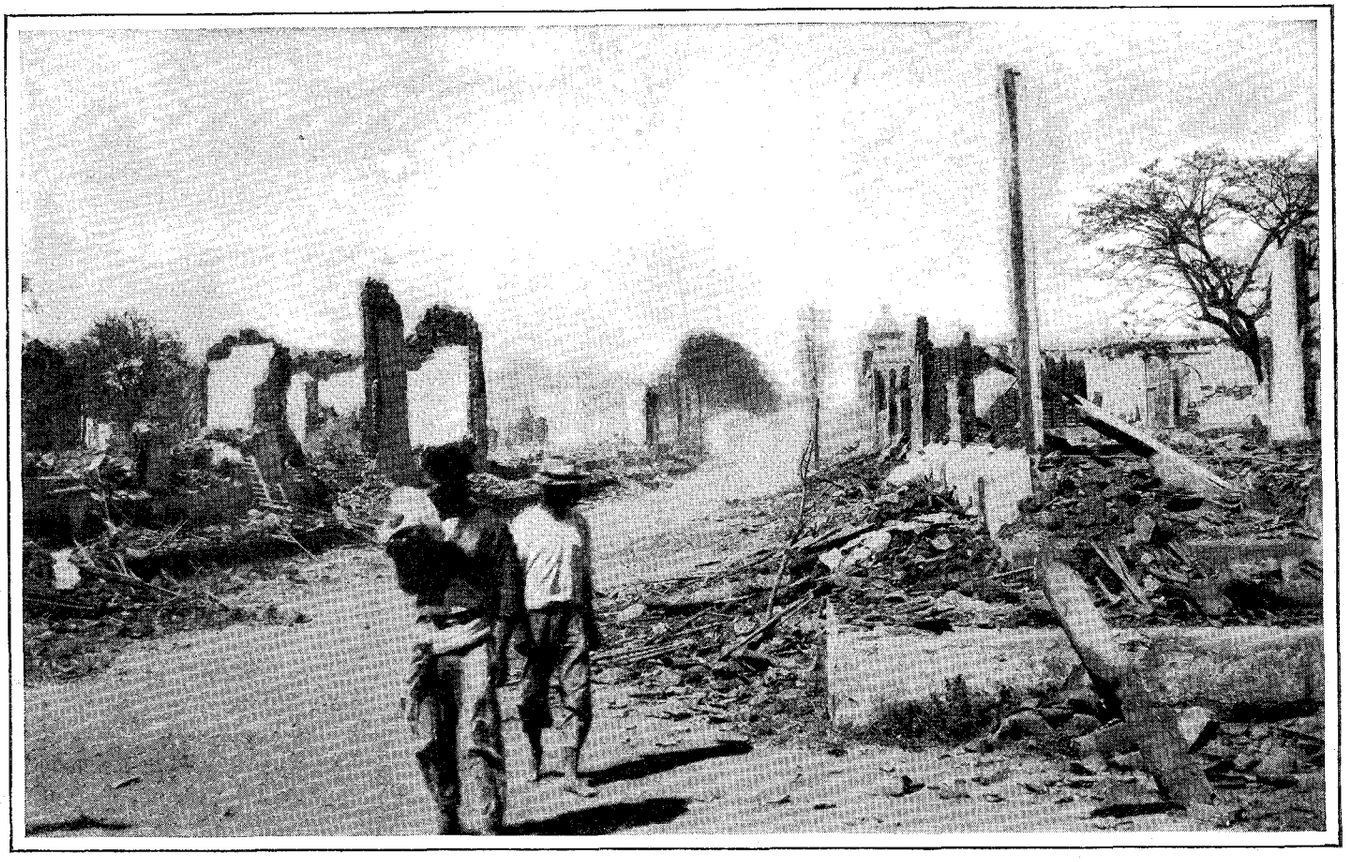

Chinendega in ruins, the aftermath of civil war

gers the lives and property of foreigners. This we will do and no more, let vice and misery multiply among the natives as it will.

Thus, in a country where nature is ready to supply food in abundance and shelter for all, want and fear walk hand in hand. Such is the condition in this Liberal city now in the hands of the Conservatives; it is equally true in town and country controlled by the Liberals. If this savage warfare is directed towards the armed forces of the other side, it falls wide of the mark. In such case there would be danger of a counter-blow, but how can the unarmed and unfriended resist? As a matter of fact, the damage done in the direct warfare between Diaz and Sacasa is negligible. It is the wholesale brigandage that their warfare makes possible that is the bane of the country. Rest assured that as long as the world permits Diaz and Sacasa to quarrel, to wage war in the name of "sovereign right," this savagery will continue until the appetites of man are satisfied. . . .

Two reports have just come in. The first tells that a village to the northwest is burning in sight of one of our outposts and that the Liberals are moving on to ——, another village in the same neighborhood. The next report comes from a village where two Government generals with their respective forces arrive from ——, the scene of a fight two days ago. The generals fell into an acrimonious debate as to who was entitled to the glory of the victory over the enemy, and the dispute soon reached such lengths that their men were drawn up on opposite sides of the city's plaza, ready to settle the matter with force and arms. Result: we send more men to the outpost to drive back the Liberals if they should seek to enter here, and the commander of our detachment is directed to disarm both Government forces and to send them out of town unless their nonsense ceases. Such is a day in a revolution.

March 3, 1927.

THE local *politico* was in to see us today about our nightly patrols. The citizens are anxious that some of our men move around the streets at night by way of discouraging cutting out raids. I have told him that we would patrol, and that the people could rest assured that there would be no fighting allowed around here. I took advantage of the opportunity to ask him to remove the barbed-wire entanglements from the streets of the city and to have the plaza cleaned up. In a few days we expect to have a band organized, and with three concerts a week I miss my guess if the people do not begin to think of something besides the revolution. Now stores are opening, children playing on the streets after nightfall, and a feeling of security pervades the place.

I must tell you the sad story of Juan, the beer-seller:

Picture us on the day we came, four hundred men loaded like pack-horses, toiling and sweating under a noonday sun, as we spread our tents in a field ankle deep in dust. And never have I seen such dust—a fine, dry, volcanic powder that penetrated everything and left every throat hot, dry, and raspy. Obviously, beer was the remedy, and two beer-sellers appeared. They were both welcomed and richly rewarded. The first was a friend of the general, the second only a plain man with vision; the first held a seat near the mighty, the second had a home in a hovel.

But such is the nature of man that the first could see no reason why he should share the golden harvest with the other. Why divide in this manner while holding a seat near the mighty? If the hovel will not claim its own, there is always the jail, guarded by men of the general, and to the jail went the visionary man from the hovel. He writes:

> Yester, I have been arrested for injustificable cause, the only crime is because I sell beer in the Camp. Now I'm a prisoner with charge of any king, please come to see me. I beg you to do thonthin in my favor in order to get my freedom.
>
> Cinserely your
> JUAN
> The beer seller.

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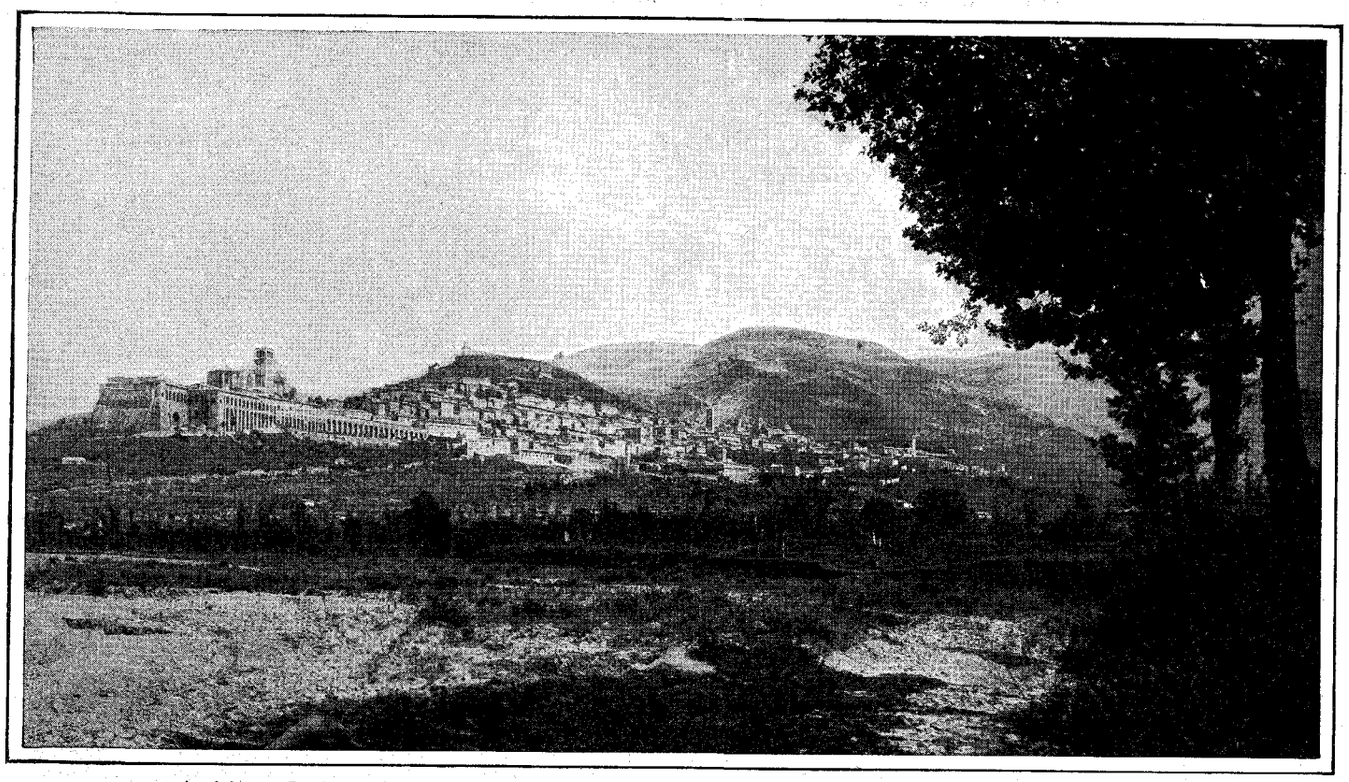

Assisi, the Italian hill-town that witnessed so many of the dramatic chapters in the life of St. Francis

La Verna

By MAY ELLIS NICHOLS

IT is more than seven hundred years since that spring morning when a young squire, attired like a prince and mounted on a charger as gorgeously caparisoned as himself, rode down the hill from Assisi on his way to the wars.

Assisi was hoary even then, and the hills were festooned with vines and softly gray with the olives, but the marvelous Gothic building which is the city's glory to-day had not even entered Tedesco's dreams, for the one in whose honor it was to be built was that light-hearted boy, who was off to fight for Innocent III.

Those were not the days of planes and gas and machine guns; even gunpowder was unknown. War was hardly more than a pageant; every youth of position, ambition, and love of adventure participated in it. The father of Francis Bernardone—that was the boy's name—shared his son's ambitions, and had spent money lavishly on his accouterment; his gentle mother, Pica, had acquiesced, as is the way of women; and his merry young companions, some of whom had shared his imprisonment in Perugia not so long before, welcomed him to their ranks. They sang their old rollicking songs as they wound round under Mount Subasio and took the road to Spoleto.

But that night a strange thing happened. Had Francis lived five hundred years later in Puritan England, it would have been said that he was "convicted of sin and met with a change of heart." In the words of his own faith, "he felt he had a vocation." However one phrases it, Francis Bernardone had gone forever and St. Francis of Assisi was the incarnation in his stead. He gave his velvet tunic and his richly caparisoned steed to a poor knight, turned his back on glory, and laboriously climbed the hill on foot that he had ridden down so blithely only a few hours before. He had given all he possessed, but he had not only saved his own soul, he had won the adoration of millions yet unborn and an undying name. Of all the brave company that rode out of Assisi that spring morning, only the slender, dark-eyed boy who turned back is remembered.

Maurice Francis Egan calls the saint "Everybody's St. Francis," and some one else says he is the best-loved saint in Christendom. This is not due entirely to his sweetness, his gentleness, nor even to his piety. His humor is infectious, and no mediæval romance is more fascinating than the simple story of his life. Poets love his songs, painters have made him the subject of numberless pictures, and old and young alike have hung on the stories of his wonderful adventures. Among these tales the outstanding one is the account of the miracle of La Verna, the story of how St. Francis received the stigmata.

This is not the time to prove the authenticity of that story, the truth of the miracle. Sufficient to say, as did the young monk in the church of St. Francis at Assisi, as he showed us the sacred manuscript given by the saint to Fra Leone, "This is not a legend; it is a fact." Those who prefer to cherish doubt rather than to enter into the content of belief are referred to Sabatier, the authoritative biographer of St. Francis. He says, simply: "The vision of the Crucified One took fuller possession of his faculties as the day of the Elevation of the Holy Cross drew near (September 14, 1224). Francis doubled his fasting and prayers. He passed the night before the festival alone in prayer. In the rays of the morning sun he suddenly perceived a seraph with outstretched wings. In the center of the vision appeared a cross, and the seraph was nailed upon it. When the vision disappeared . . . Francis perceived upon his body the stigmata of the Crucified." This was really the climax of St. Francis's life, and it seems strange that, while hundreds annually visit Assisi, the place of his birth and death, only the occasional traveler goes to La Verna.

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One July morning found our little party of five making the start from Bibbiena, which we had reached by leaving the main line from Perugia to Florence at Arezzo, before the dew was off the wayside poppies. Oh, those dazzling Italian mornings! How fresh and fragrance-laden is the air! How every castle-capped hill stands out as if etched in silver on a sapphire sky! First we went careering down the hill into the valley of the Arno. A man was threshing with a flail, women were washing clothes by the side of a mountain brook, great kindly white oxen were the only visible beasts of burden. It was the heart of Italy. Our driver chattered in Italian, and laughed, and sang, and cracked his long whip over, but not on, his galloping horses.

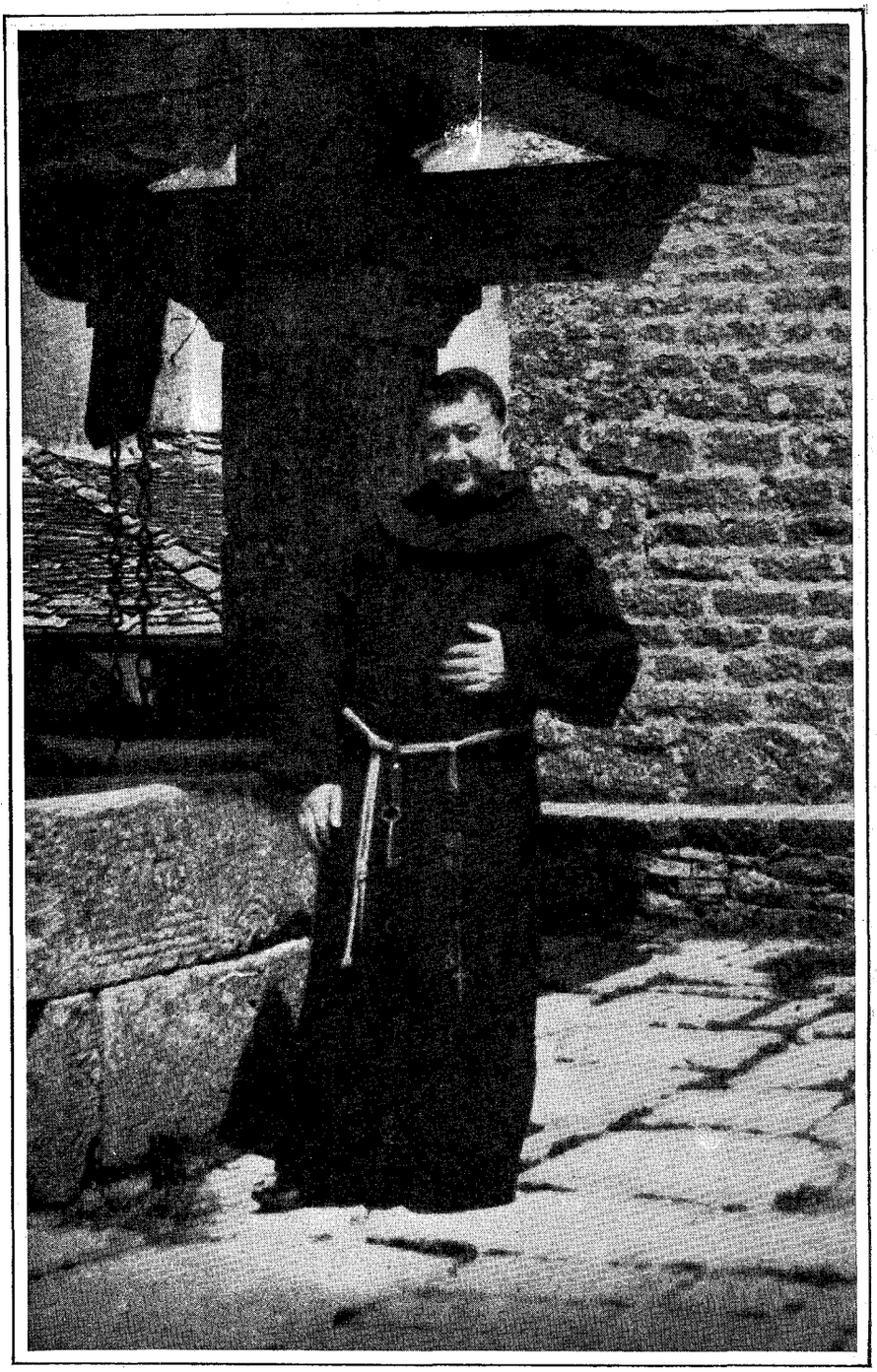
We were hardly out of Bibbiena when we began to discern a gray mass silhouetted against the distant horizon, and our driver stretched out his whip toward it and shouted, "La Verna! La Verna!" As we approached, the details of the rock and the building built upon it rapidly pricked out like the developing picture on a photographic film.

At the foot of this rock we were forced to leave the carriage, as no road had ever been constructed to the summit. The paved path ran between two high walls, but the shade was grateful, and the walls were festooned with vines, and every cranny was filled with feathery ferns and bright-tinted flowers, especially the blue and white violets that grow so luxuriantly in Italy.

Reaching the end of the path, the merest touch of the bell brought a brother in the familiar rope-girdled brown robe, who looked as pleased to see us as if he had been standing there since daybreak awaiting our arrival. We were ushered into the broad court, and were asked if we would be the guests of the brothers for dinner.

The meal was served in a small room by two of the brothers, and was substantial though simple, consisting of meat, vegetables, goat cheese, a sweet, and a relish of pickled mushrooms, which had grown at the very door.

Dinner ended, Brother Samuel again appeared—merry, kindly Brother Samuel, who took us to every building, descended with us to every grotto, showed us every cranny and crevice. He had no English, and we had little Italian and hardly more French; but we shall never cease to be grateful for the valiant way in which by picture, gesture, dumb show, and a composite of Italian, French, and even Latin he struggled to make us understand the significance of the sacred things he had to show.



Brother Samuel, of La Verna, where tradition tells us St. Francis received the stigmata

There are two churches—the little Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, supposed to have been begun by St. Francis himself, and a larger one, begun in 1348, to accommodate the increasing number of worshipers. The larger is rich in della Robbias. There are also several chapels, each with its traditions, its history, and some with art treasures, but most famous of all is the Chapel of the Stigmata, supposed to be built over the exact spot where the miracle occurred. A *loggia* more than two hundred feet long connects this chapel with the larger church, and four times during each twenty-four hours, three times daily and at midnight, the Friars go in procession from the church to this chapel.

This part of the daily service of the Franciscan friars is exceedingly beautiful and impressive. Brother Samuel had brought us to the door of the chapel a few minutes before the appointed hour. The first hint of their approach was the faint sound of music in the distance, rising and swelling into a great volume of harmony as they marched two by two, chanting one of the grand old Latin hymns of the Church. There were more than fifty brothers, and the chapel was large enough to accommodate them only, so we stood reverently outside, while, led by the cross, they filed by, entered the

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chapel, and fell on their knees before the iron grating in the floor, said to cover the exact spot where St. Francis knelt when the seraph appeared.

When the descending sun warned us that we must soon be on our homeward way, Brother Samuel turned us over to a young monk, a handsome, fair-haired young man, athletic enough to have been a halfback on an American football team, and directed him to take us to La Penna.

La Penna, as its name implies, is the pinnacle of the rock on which the convent stands—that is, the pinnacle of La Verna itself. We soon understood why Brother Samuel had resigned us to his young assistant. The path leads for about two miles through a growth of pines and beeches as wonderful in their way as any of our New World forests, but the way is rocky and very precipitous, a trip not at all to the liking of easy-going, portly, wheezy Brother Samuel. Suddenly the trees ended and the rock rose bare before us. We climbed the remaining distance and came out on the top of the universe; or so it seemed, for the descent on the other side was a sheer seven hundred feet, and not so much as a branch or a twig to obscure the view. Below us were the valleys of the Arno and the Tiber, while beyond stretched the Casentino in undulating waves of green and blue and mauve away almost to Florence.

We felt that we had indeed reached the summit, not only of La Verna, but of our summer, though it was a day to be remembered even more for what we had felt than for what we had seen. We had seen some ancient buildings and a group of kindly old men; we had felt we had been on holy ground. We had stood on the spot from which came the spark that had kindled mediæval Christendom into a vehement flame; for the pictures of St. Francis upholding a tottering church was not wholly from Giotto's imagination. If St. Francis had not done his work, would some one else have taken his place? The old question that no one can answer. But this we do know—St. Francis was "not disobedient unto the heavenly vision" that came to him on La Verna. He did do wonders in his own time, and his followers, not always in dust-colored robes, are still to be found in every part of the earth.

Conversations with Workmen

By BRIDGET DRYDEN

II—The Carpenter

LAST night it was the carpenter, calling to talk over when he could come to put on a new roof for her. In a minute—she couldn't tell how or when the change of topic was made—he was telling her the story of Murtag'h MacDonald. He pronounced it with a guttural "gh" and man was "mon," and that was about all there was left of his Scotch brogue. Murtag'h was a great figure, a heroic figure in his life, although he had seen him but twice. He had his whole life pieced out, and this was what he said:

"THE young men nowadays won't give their time to a trade; seems like there's too much studying out to it and they have to wait. The young men don't want to wait. They want to get on right off, no matter what they do.

I'd rather do a thing that has studying out to it and you can think and do it the best you know how and it's a thing that gives you something to take an interest in. When I was a boy, I was apprenticed out to a carpenter and I got seventy-five cents a week, and I worked good for it too. And I couldn't leave when I got tired or took a fancy. No, ma'am. Second year I got a dollar and a half, and I lived on that. Five year I was apprenticed. Same thing happened to Murtag'h MacDonald, I guess, but I never knew it till long afterward.

He was a queer chap. Very queer chap, Murtag'h was, but I liked him first rate first time I set eyes on him. You couldn't help but like him. He'd sit beside you without ever saying one word. And you wondering all the time. First time I saw him I was working on a millionaire's house Long Island way. I hadn't been so long in this country then, either. That was 'way back. Well, when I came to the shop I saw there was a lot of us, plumbers and stone masons and all like of that, and we was all going out together. Country roads. And there warn't no trolley and the automobiles was scarce then. They told me get up in the pony cart. You'd call it a pony cart the way I think it was. Murtag'h, he was driving, and he was a big six-foot, black-hair chap. A young chap he was; I never see his beat for looks. You'd look at him a second time, them deep black eyes and his hair all wavy, waving, black and all waved natural, and thick, like 'twould swallow your hand, right back from his forehead and no cap. And that young face on him and not saying a word. And we druv along, and a team of horses they passed, meeting us. A fine team, finest I ever saw, and Murtag'h, he drew up. He pulled up the horse, and we stood there and he looked back at those horses. And he spoke: 'I want to look at those horses till I can't see them around the turn. We drove a pair like that where I lived when I was boy. Those are Clydesdales.'

"They were Clydesdales. That's what they were. I knew it, too. I came from nigh the same parts he came from, but I didn't know it then. Neither did he, he never said a word. Clydesdales are horses the like of which you don't often see over here. It's the shaggy gray Norman, take it in these parts. But Clydesdales—they take your breath up into your throat to see them striding. Powerful. After a bit Murtag'h tells me he's from the Isle of Lewes, and his father kept a farm there, and there was twelve or fourteen of them, and not enough work for so many. He had nothing, and he set out. He was fourteen when he thought it out. He swam across the sea there, and I calculate it was about Oban he made the shore. That was a stiff swim—ten miles, as I think it might be. Well, he swam it, and there was some men laying rails. A new railroad, and he stepped up and asked to be put on. He looked eighteen, and they give it to him quick. They always give anything to Murtag'h when he asked it. His looks was for him. And whatever he did he did right. After he laid rails all he wanted, he worked on till he got to Glasgow, working his way. He wanted to get to Glasgow. And he got work straight off same day, a dock hand, carrying bales for a firm of packers, unloading ships. And they took him straight off. His looks was for him. He had strength and could carry what two men could, easy, too. Right opposite was John Laird & Son, cabinetmakers and doors and windows. He saw the workmen going in there day after day, with coat and collar on. He said that looks like a right good job, men wearing coat and collar day after day. And he looked in and studied it all out and liked

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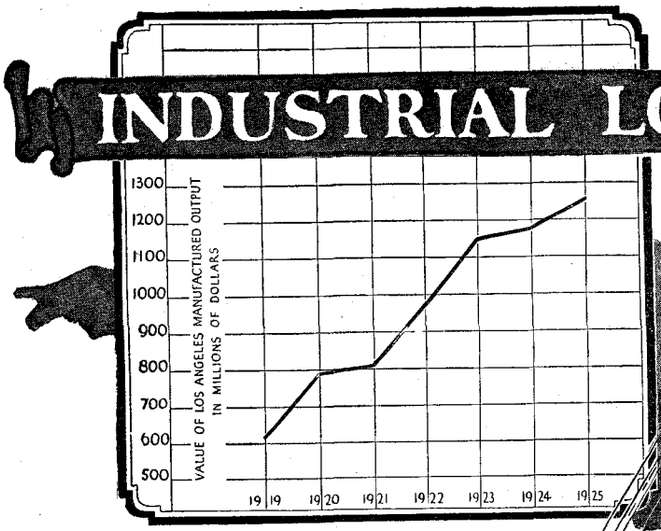
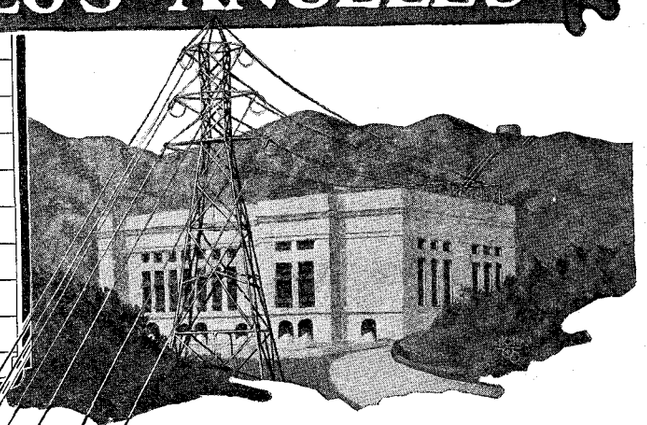
INDUSTRIAL LOS ANGELES





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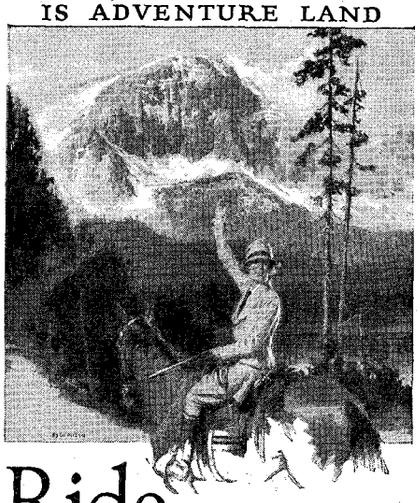

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the appearance of the work. And one day he told his boss that he was going to leave, and he had the money all saved. Two years it took him to save enough so he could leave, but he was bound he would do that there cabinet-working. That's all I knew till a year ago. I never knew how he came over here. But I knew he went to the Klondike with the first rush, and he went again. And whatever he did he did good, better than everybody else. He got put into a book. A book about the Klondike. He says to me one day, 'George, if you ever go back to Glasgow, I wish you'd go to John Laird & Son and ask for Mr. Noble. And then you say, "Murtag'h MacDonald, he sent me." That's all you need to say.'

"I did that last summer. Only last summer it was, and I went to John Laird & Son and ask for Mr. Noble. Mr. Noble, he's still manager, and I told him I came from Murtag'h. 'Murtag'h is it?' he said, and he threw back his head and laughed. 'There was never another like Murtag'h,' he said. 'A queer chap, a very queer chap, but we liked him. Everybody liked him, and his looks spoke for him. He wore a look on him like a king walking, and no education and nothing behind him and never studied a book. You know, there's a lot of mathymatics and geometry in stair building. Figures, and there's other parts in a building that takes book learning. He studied it out in his head. What people do on paper he would do in his head and figure it out, not asking.' Mr. Noble told me how when he came to them, a boy, and he worked two weeks, and then they caught on that he was apprentice elsewhere, and the law was against them if they kept him. And Mr. Laird himself he called Mr. Noble, and they two called the foreman, and all three they said: 'How about this Murtag'h? We got to do with one same as with another. He's the best workman we have in what he's doing now. He's the best of them all, and if he stays with us there's no knowing how good he'll be.' And his character was good. And that's half there is to it. If the character is good, it's more than the work, and that's right. But he had both. They went to the other firm, and after a while they got it fixed, and he stayed where he was. He was hanging doors there, and when they came to foot up the doors they were one short. Two of them, he that kept the invoice and he that was overseer of the hanging in the job, they argued. And the one he said —there was one door short, ought to be one door more than he could count in stock. The other, he said there was all

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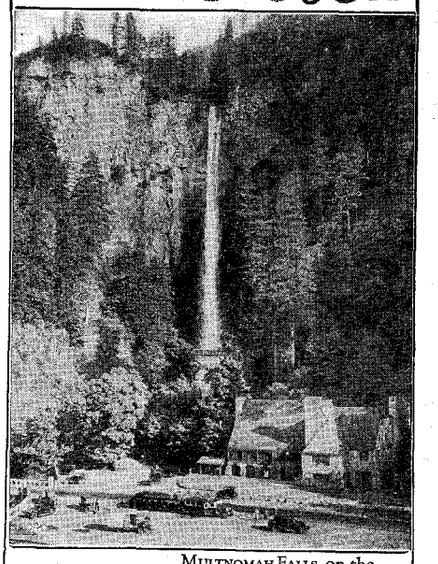

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that came to him. So they argued and they fought, and they went out in the lumber yard and they were fighting. Murtag'h, he was a great lad, head and shoulders taller and bigger and the youngest there. He went out right betwixt them and took them apart and said, 'The both of you is right, and will you stop the fighting?' And the way he looked and said—they both stopped and got to laughing, and that was an end to it. And years after, before he took ship for America, he came and shook hands good-by and said: 'Here's the spot where you two stood a-fighting, and you're both here and friends to this day. You was both right, and I it was who took that door. I was hanging it, and I botched it and I spoiled the door. I was afraid I'd get the sack, and I knew, being young, I had no right to go ahead and hang that door, not waiting for the boss. So I took off the door I bungled and I chopped it up small and took up the floor where I was working and buried the pieces in the floor, and there it is now. I got a new door and put it on correct, and there weren't anything to show, and the boss said it was a fine, clean job!'

"You see, last year there was great trouble among the farmers and fishermen in Lewes; what with weather and storm, they lost their crops and the catches weren't what they oughter be. I see in the papers that there's a committee in this country to take up subscriptions for them; maybe it wass all the Hebridee Islands, I don't know. And Murtag'h MacDonald, he was chairman. Whatever he put his hand to it turned out right. Strong? You know what a 2 x 6 is. They come six and eight feet long. Generally takes two men handle a 2 x 6 stick of lumber. Murtag'h took two sawhorses that time I knew him as a youngster and he put six sticks like that, each one 2 x 6, across those two sawhorses—and he stepped under and stood up, lifting the six pieces on his shoulder and carried them a great ways, it might be as far as here to Willow Street—two blocks. On that same job something else happened I call to mind. A man up on top of the scaffolding, it might be sixty feet high, and there was no way getting up or down only the braces, slanting. This man he fainted sudden-like, and Murtag'h saw him just before he began tottering. He was over to him quicker than you can think, and took him under his arm. With one hand left, he climbed down the braces, no steps or rungs, just swinging himself down on one hand, and he got to the ground and laid the man down, and we called a doctor. Murtag'h, he fainted."

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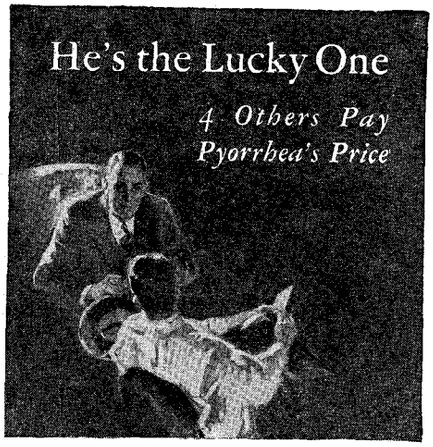

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Rolls and Discs

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Phonograph Records

PIANO CONCERTO NO. 1, IN B FLAT MINOR (Tchaikovsky). Played by Mark Hambourg and the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald. In eight parts, on four records. Victor.

There are few piano concertos played to-day, but the quality of these few makes up for their lack of quantity. Among the very best of them is Tchaikovsky's B Flat Minor. It is the last work of Tchaikovsky's I should want to see destroyed. Fortunately, the Hambourg-Ronald performance has allowed the inspiration and unalloyed beauty of the Concerto to shine brightly. From its majestic opening brass notes and sweeping chords for the piano to the close, it moves with power and nobility. For this a large share of the credit must go to the recording. In fact, I am inclined to feel that this Concerto is the most astounding feat that has ever been "pulled off" on any records. Recording laboratories in the past seem to have accepted it as axiomatic that either soloist or orchestra (or both) must be subdued to make concerto recordings intelligible. This performance has done neither. The full breadth and power of the concert piano can be felt—both the thunder of the bass and the glint of the high treble (as any good piano recording should show). And the orchestra is recorded with electrifying volume. It is amazing how vividly both parts keep in the foreground. It is possible to find fault with the piano tone at times, especially in the middle register, or to object to the confusing resonance, but these are less consequential points than that of keeping the work on a heroic scale. Although Hambourg's playing at times has a tendency to be hard and unfeeling, his performance as a whole emerges with flying colors; the interpretation is forceful and eloquent.

SYMPHONY NO. 7, IN A (Beethoven). Played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Felix Weingartner. In ten parts, on five records. Columbia.

SYMPHONY NO. 8, IN F (Beethoven). Played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Felix Weingartner. In six parts, on three records. Columbia.

If conducting could be classified, like Greek architecture, into the groups Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, Weingartner would have to be considered Doric. For even the reservedly graceful Ionic is not stern enough to include his handling of Beethoven's Seventh and Eighth Symphonies. This is not to be taken as necessarily fault-finding, for there are distinct advantages in having unromanticized versions of these symphonies. Weingartner's trustworthy performance of the Seventh leaves a clear picture of the music itself; his sure attack and nicety of reading are ideally suited to the delightful *Allegretto scherzando* of the Eighth. The start of the *Vivace* in the first movement of the Seventh is dead and dull, but soon freshens. Of the two symphonies, the best played movement is the second of the Seventh. An extraordinarily fine string tone marks the announcement of the main theme; its later appearance in the form of a fugue brings from Weingartner an exhilarating interpretation. Throughout the two works clarity and balance are noticeably present. In the matter of breaks between parts, Weingartner is to be commended for one thing, though some may call it freakish. That is his practice of picking up the thread of a symphony several measures before his last stopping place—a great help in establishing the composer's continuity of musical thought. But for what strange reason is the pitch boosted a fraction of a tone between the first and second parts of the Seventh?

QUARTET IN F MINOR—Opus 95 (Beethoven). Played by the Lener String Quartet of Budapest. In six parts, on three records. Columbia.

It is hard to choose between the Beethoven quartets. Far simpler merely to choose them all. The F Minor, admirably played by the Lener Quartet, is as fine as any. The musicians have shown great care in shading and detail. Their strings have a soft, velvety quality—especially the warm-toned 'cello. And the recording is all you could wish for.

TRIO IN B FLAT—Opus 97, for Violin, 'Cello, and Piano (Beethoven). Played by Sammons, Squire, and Murdoch. In ten parts, on five records. Columbia.

Although not as engaging on first hearing as some of Beethoven, there is much interesting and even daring treatment in this trio. The performance is spirited, yet in stretches is almost perfunctory—the pianist appearing to bear the brunt of the work of conveying the message, while the strings merely follow the notes. The recording, too, is not at its best. The piano is weak, as if off-stage, and the violin and 'cello lean toward harshness.

RIENZI—OVERTURE (Wagner). In three parts. **GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG—Closing Scene** (Wagner). Played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski. On two records. Victor.

TANNHÄUSER—Overture (Wagner). In three parts. **DIE MEISTERSINGER—Dance of the Apprentices** (Wagner). Played by Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Albert Coates. On two records. Victor.

A brilliant, swaggering performance of the "Rienzi." Stokowski's showmanship as a conductor justifies his meeting Coates on that Englishman's favorite recording ground. The "Götterdämmerung" music is an even finer performance. Stokowski has for the first time really swung into his stride as a recording artist. The power of the Philadelphia's strings can now be felt as they are felt in its concert performances. Coates's "Tannhäuser" is effective, but it cannot compare with the perfection of the performance Mengelberg extracts from his Concertgebouw Orchestra (Columbia)—that is, excepting Mengelberg's unfortunate change of *tempo* between parts one and two. The solemnity gained by a strangely slow opening *tempo* was a master stroke for the Dutch director. Coates is content with a more superficial brilliance. His "Dance of the Apprentices"—conducted in his best style—is a delightful performance.

HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY NO. 2 (Liszt). Played by Alfred Cortot. In two parts. Victor.

Cortot at his peak, in a performance that makes one forget the hundred and one mediocre band concert arrangements of the rhapsody. The recording eclipses even the Grainger piano recordings in faithfulness of tone, and is their equal in range and volume. Positively uncanny—the nearness and accuracy of the piano tone.

SONG OF THE CHERUBIM (Glinka); **CHURCH SCENE FROM "CHRISTMAS EVE"** (Rimsky-Korsakoff). Sung by the Russian Symphonic Choir, conducted by Basile Kilbalchich. Victor.

Another of those fascinating Russian Choir records. In this one the depth of the bass voices is unbelievable. I cannot imagine why these are issued only in the foreign-language catalogues.

ZIGEUNERWEISEN (Sarasate). Played by Mishel Piastro. In two parts. Brunswick.

Gypsy airs, and therefore exotic melody, played with gypsy fervor. Piastro has a

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full, rich, throbbing tone. The recording is notable, even among violin records.

FIDELIO—Ha! Welch' ein Augenblick; Hat Man Nicht Auch Gold (Beethoven). Sung by Michael Bohnen. Brunswick.

BOHÈME—Ah Mimi; Tu Piu (Puccini); **FORZA DEL DESTINO—Solenne in Quest' Ora** (Verdi). Sung by Beniamino Gigli and Giuseppe de Luca. Victor.

BOHÈME—Racconto di Rodolfo (Puccini); **MANON—Ah! Fuyez, Douce Image!** (Massenet). Sung by Mario Chamlee. Brunswick.

TOSCA—Recondita Armonia (Puccini); **MANON LESCAUT—Donna Non Vidi Mai** (Puccini). Sung by Beniamino Gigli. Victor.

THAÏS—Dis-moi que Je Suis Belle; L'Amour Est une Vestu Rare (Massenet). Sung by Maria Jeritza. Victor.

MARRIAGE OF FIGARO—Deh Vieni, Non Tardar; MAGIC FLUTE—Pamina's Air (Mozart). Sung by Elisabeth Rethberg. Brunswick.

MIGNON—Polonaise (Thomas); **MIREILLE—Valse** (Gounod). Sung by Luella Melius. Victor.

LUCREZIA BORGIA—Brindisi (Donizetti); **TROVATORE—Stride la Vampa!** (Verdi). Sung by Sigrid Onegin. Brunswick.

Space forbids more than a scanty mention of these records. The Beethoven arias are a pleasant refutation of Beethoven's supposed incompetence as an operatic composer. Bohnen's singing is glorious, though marred by a trace of "loudspeaker" tone in the record. The duets display impressive Italian lung power, as do the boisterous records of Gigli. Elisabeth Rethberg's charming voice is admirably suited to the Mozart arias. Luella Melius has a pleasing voice; its lightness is an asset in recording, since most of our singers insist on inflicting on the microphone their full Metropolitan volume, with unpleasant results.

JOCELYN-BERCEUSE (Godard); **ABENLIED—Opus 85, No. 12** (Schumann). Played by Pablo Casals. Victor.

TANNHÄUSER—The Evening Star; DIE MEISTERSINGER—Prize Song (Wagner). Played by Pablo Casals. Victor.

The simple beauty of the Godard song and the expressive melodic outpouring of the "Prize Song" are high points in Casals's recordings. His perfect taste in treatment leaves little to be said.

TALES FROM THE VIENNA WOODS; ARTIST'S LIFE (Strauss). Played by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by William Mengelberg. Brunswick.

Mengelberg can be pleasant in his lighter moments, as this record shows. He avoids the over-brilliant and the over-romantic alike, and gives a performance that is not too serious.

AÏDA—Introduction and Moorish Ballet; Grand March and Finale (Verdi). Played by Creatore's Band. Victor.

WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE (Rossini). Played by Walter B. Rogers and his Band. In four parts, on two records. Victor.

There is much good entertainment in a well-trained concert band. Creatore's Italian ensemble is well worthy of notice—and very "brassy." Rogers offers a different variety of band music—one that is less noisy. His rich and well-rounded woodwind ensemble, with its mellow reed tone, is a pleasure to the ear.

Piano Rolls

TWO PRELUDES—Les Sons et les Parfums tournent dans l'Air du Soir; Les Collines d'Anacapri (Debussy). Played by Walter Gieseking. Welte-Mignon Licensee.

Extraordinarily fine renditions of two of the best preludes from Debussy's first book. Under Gieseking's touch the piano acquires a veiled tone.

ETUDE—Opus 25, No. 7 (Chopin). Played by Harold Bauer. Duo-Art.

Though Bauer's treatment of this Etude is well done, there are evidences of a hard tone unnatural to Bauer. Did he really play it that way or is it the reproduction?

IMPROMPTU—Opus 142, No. 3, "Rosamunde" (Schubert). Played by Richard Buhlig. Ampico.

Into this romantic flow of melody Buhlig is inclined to put too much expression; the music is not allowed to speak for itself. This fault rights itself as the variations become more elaborate

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Peace, Peace

By DON C. SEITZ

THE straw of the great World War continues to be threshed over vigorously. Most important of the flail users is Frank H. Simonds in his new volume, "How Europe Made Peace Without America,"[1] in which he digs deep into the sub-soil of European affairs, starting with the peace of 1814 which eliminated Napoleon. Here he finds a marked contrast in conditions. Kings dictated the old alliance; the people the new one. Clemenceau and Lloyd George, the dominating figures, were servants of Parliaments, and these in turn were directly responsible to the people. Mr. Simonds holds that the people have in the passing decades "acquired undeniable capacity" and a "grasp of fundamentals," thus coming to know "what they want and why." Like statesmen, they have learned to compromise, while at the same time they have done away with the intricacies of diplomacy and adopted direct dealing. Prime Ministers were agents, and conducted themselves accordingly in order to retain majorities and be able to carry through their purposes. This gave Clemenceau and Lloyd George an important advantage over President Wilson, who, as Mr. Simonds justly observes, "when he had made a treaty, had then to begin at the beginning," first to inform and then to persuade Congress. The two others solidified their positions as they went on. He had nothing behind him. At Versailles he occupied the most powerful political position in the world; at Washington he was helpless. This Europe did not know, and yielded to his will, in the belief that America, coming into the crisis altruistically, could conquer conditions with which Europe had found itself unable to cope. Mr. Wilson, in their eyes, came as a deliverer. He thought so himself. Mr. Simonds recites his sensational appearance in Rome, his appeal to the Italian people, over the head of Orlando, to waive their claim to Fiume, with its resulting reaction of nationalism and the seizing of the port by d'Annunzio.

Mr. Simonds accurately describes Mr. Wilson's journey to Paris as "apostolic adventure." Armed with his "Fourteen Points," he went to brush away the traditions of Metternich, Talleyrand, and Bismarck, "a fantastic figure" already "broken in health but morally invincible, single-handed in the dark council chamber, fighting the battle of the noble to-morrow, with the grim, sinister, gray-gloved Clemenceau, the incarnation of militarism, imperialism, Chauvinism, in fact of the unregenerate yesterday." Still more stricken, he was to return victor in Europe, to defeat in America, to face Borah, Brandegee, Hiram Johnson, and their supporters, and to go down to defeat in death.

"Mr. Wilson's trouble," recites Mr. Simonds, "arose from the fact that his quarrel was with nationalism wherever found. This quarrel was inevitable because at the bottom of his whole conception lay the vital assumption that whenever his programme for international adjustment clashed with the view of any people as to their own essential national interests, that people would waive its convictions. This no people would do."

Added to this the author discovers the "peculiar irony" that, while Mr. Wilson believed he was protecting German rights at Paris against unjust attack, for the German people "he is to-day the man who signed the guilt clause and erected the eastern frontier." All this grew out of the Wilsonian illusion that world opinion would rise beyond nationalism, which it refused to do, especially in America. "His devotion to his principles killed him," says Mr. Simonds, truly enough.

Mr. Simonds finds that "all our proposals abroad are addressed to our electorate at home" in recent years, and thus it is "never quite possible to escape the disquieting suspicion that while the American Government continues to cherish the eagle as a domestic symbol, it is to the ostrich that it turns instinctively for an example in all questions of foreign policy."

The book is one of value, in spite of its strong foreign slant, for giving a clear, succinct narration of all that has passed in peacemaking since the Armistice.

Supplementing Mr. Simonds's work, Major André Tardieu, who was much with us during the war, discusses

[1] How Europe Made Peace Without America. By Frank H. Simonds. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $5.

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"France and America."[2] He tells a long story in contrasts, but concludes, gravely: "If we allow things to go on as they have been going for the past few years there will be danger of a total cleavage" between the republics. "That cleavage," he continues, "must be avoided." That the two have joined in great causes twice in a century and a half he holds as a guerdon that they will meet again "if on both sides the obstacle is acknowledged and measured."

Two books that complement the foregoing are Walter Russell Batsell's "The Debt Settlements and the Future"[3] and General John M. Palmer's "Statesmanship or War."[4] Mr. Batsell deals in facts and is cold towards cancellation. General Palmer argues for military curtailment with sense and clarity. He would have the nations study the Swiss military system as affording the best method of protection without straining the public purse.

[2] France and America. By André Tardieu. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

[3] The Debt Settlements and the Future. By Walter Russell Batsell. Le Cran Press, Paris. $2.25.

[4] Statesmanship or War. By John McAuley Palmer. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50.

Fiction

GREEN FOREST. By Nathalie Sedgwick Colby. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

It takes all kinds of passengers to make up the company on an Atlantic liner. Most of the passengers crossing to France with Mrs. Challoner and her daughter Suzette are the people one hopes never to meet. Among them are a corset manufacturer and his predatory wife; Arambaru, an insinuative Peruvian, who "gave the impression of having known many lonely women;" and Miss Joy, who, although penniless, is traveling to England (with what the tabloids would call her "love-child") in a first-class cabin on a costly ship, there to make her living writing poetry. The reader is led to believe that the world will be made safe from Miss Joy's poetry and her baby given a name by the ship's doctor.

The scene passes on shipboard, but much of the action is indirect, and the characters on shore, who enter the story by implication, are more real than either the slightly saccharine Mrs. Challoner, or Suzette with her flaming youth. Occasional flashes of insight and humor save the novel from what threatens to be a slough of fantasy. "Green Forest" is a place of the heart as difficult to enter as it is to tell about. Barrie or Lord Dunsany can describe such a region; Mrs. Colby makes a valiant endeavor.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. By Irvin S. Cobb. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. $2.

Irvin Cobb has been telling stories ever since our memory runneth not to the contrary. Probably no living man has risen to his feet oftener with the words, "Ladies and gentlemen"—and proceeded, after the tumult and shouting has died, to tell a corking good story. He tells eleven in this book. The "Order of the Bath" should be read aloud wherever two or three clubwomen are gathered together. It is a satirical account of the lengths to which

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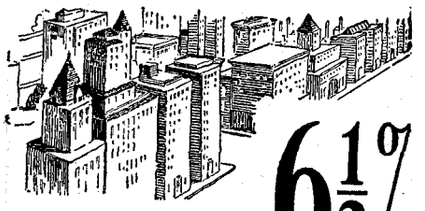

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the Ingleglade Woman's Club (engineered by Miss Rena Belle Titworthy, who "had all that a motherly woman should have, except children") went to entertain a visiting British novelist.

When a noted humorist slips into tragedy, his audience is apt to cock an expectant ear and wait, sure that there must be a joke somewhere. True, "Three Wise Men of the East Side" has its jest, but the joke played on Tony Scarra in the death-house is exceedingly grim. "Statistics showed that for every seventy-four homicides committed in this State, only one person actually went to the Chair. Why should he have to be the unlucky one of seventy-four?" The light of a penetrating humor illumines these stories; in the case of "Killed with Kindness" and "How to Choke a Cat without Using Butter" it becomes a sardonic gleam, and "We of the Old South" is a poignant addition to the Cobb collection of humorous Americana.

THE FAMILY FLIVVERS TO FRISCO. By Frederic F. Van de Water. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

The mishaps, joys, jokes, and odd experiences of a coast-to-coast family motor journey. It reads easily and is amusing.

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT. By Kenneth Phillips Britton. Edwin Valentine Mitchell, Hartford. $2.

Mainly the story of a disappointed woman's frantic effort to recapture lost youth and seize upon missed happiness. It is not without ability, but one becomes wearied to disgust by the prolonged tawdriness of the Parisian scenes and the absence of ordinary standards of taste and decency in most of the characters.

Essays and Criticism

VARIETY. By Paul de Valéry. Translated by Malcolm Cowley. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $4.

When Paul de Valéry, at the age of sixty, was elected to the French Academy to fill the place of Anatole France, his name was almost unknown to the general French reading public. "Variety," published after his election, was the first of his books to appear in a popular edition, and, though it has passed through many printings, Valéry remains a writer whose influence is transmitted indirectly through its effect upon other writers rather than through its own direct medium. These essays, still his most important work, are now brought to English readers in a finely sympathetic translation by Malcolm Cowley. In them Valéry, philosophic, analytic, yet with the mathematical precision of a physicist, studies the intellect as the instrument through which the consciousness of the artist moves to creation and to expression. Varied as the essays are—ranging from a dynamically compressed summary of the "European mind," through expositions of La Fontaine and Poe, to a magnificent synthesis of the genius of Leonardo da Vinci—they all center upon the psychology of the creative imagination and seek to penetrate that inner consciousness where, "obscure in the midst of the nets which she has woven out of words, a mysterious Arachne, muse of the hunt, watches in silence." Truly this is a remarkable book, profound yet of a scientific clarity, in which literary philosophers and critics will mine for years to come.

Travel

CRUISING AROUND THE WORLD AND THE SEVEN SEAS. By Stanton Davis Kirkham. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.

Here are the impressions of a veteran traveler. Mr. Kirkham views the wonders of this mortal world, not through the rose-tinted spectacles of the professional purveyor of travelogues, but with appreciation tempered by memories of a fairer past. Occasionally he strikes a faint note of cynicism, for he is revisiting after thirty years lands, once glamourous, now often far gone on the road to standardized mediocrity. Karnak, Edfu, Lima, and a score of other temples and cities still preserve their antique charm, and of these he writes in a way to make one want to visit them. Having passed much of his life in Mexico, he is more apt to turn there for analogies than to the United States. The flora and fauna of Mexico, its vistas and ancient cities, have their counterparts in other continents. Comparison and contrast are frequently employed to form a picture that is memorable. One gathers that the least pleasant part of his travels is that spent on shipboard with his compatriots. He, unlike most tourists, wishes to escape from his own environment in order to enter more fully into the foreign scene. The book is in a sense extremely personal, for it presents the attitude toward life of its author, and that is not the least interesting part.

Politics and Government

ITALY AND FASCISMO. By Luigi Sturzo. Translated by Barbara Barclay Carter. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $3.75.

Don Sturzo is one of the notable men of our times. He is a Roman Catholic priest, who in 1919 founded the Italian Popular Party, the leading features of whose domestic program are in strong opposition to those of Fascism, proposing instead for Italy a leading pacific rôle in international relations. This being so, it is not surprising that Don Sturzo should now be in exile in England. He gives us an analysis of the causes (political, economic, and social) of Fascismo and of the character of that portentous system. The criticism of Fascismo and Mussolini is the more effective inasmuch as the tone of the book is cool, magnanimous, philosophic.

Religion

I, THE JEW. By Maurice Samuel. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

Mr. Samuel says that his book is written for those who have given too much to intelligence and too little to emotion. It is addressed almost exclusively to his own race, particularly to the younger generation, whom he sees as drawn either into a barren scientific rationalism that strips life of spiritual and individual values, or into the Jewish Modernist movement, which seeks to emasculate Talmudic ritual and dilute the ancient Hebrew faith. He holds up the indestructible race spirit that has set the Jew apart from all territorial-nationalist groups and the individual spiritual and intellectual culture that is rooted in his religious heritage. And he sees the realization of both race spirit and hereditary culture in the rebirth of a Jewish civilization in Palestine to-day—"the blue flame of eternal fire has been preserved and breaks into flame-blossom now in the new life of Palestine." Like Ludwig Lewisohn, he has turned back to Israel as the source and fulfillment of his inmost self. Without Lewisohn's bitterness, he looks back upon his childhood in England, his sense of separatism, his successive ardors for science and for internationalism, and his final surrender to the spiritual vision of Zionism. He has made a gallant effort to achieve the impossible—to fuse impersonal scientific reasoning and emotional self-surrender.

Science

CREATIVE KNOWLEDGE. By Sir William Bragg. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.50.

In the evolution of a trade may be read the story of man's struggle against odds. New discoveries, varying tastes, and competition keep spurring the producer to improve and increase his output. With this

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in mind, progress may be measured by a study of crafts. As generation succeeds generation occupations spring up or are eliminated by the substitution of commodities or by inventions which completely revolutionize old industries. Thus the inherited knowledge and ingenuity of an age may be gauged by its trades—a flattering thought to an era which calculates comfort by the amount of life's odds and ends it can turn over to mechanical agents.

All this, with illuminating detail, plans, and illustrations, is demonstrated in this book by the histories of six trades. After showing how discoveries and inventions have reduced navigation to an exact science, it proceeds similarly with the crafts of the metal worker, weaver, dyer, potter, and miner. Sir William Bragg handles a mass of scientific data in a pleasingly popular manner, and, amply belying the modest "I must seem to be a Jack-of-all-trades and a master of none" of his preface, has filled his pages with information and interest, combining, happily, romance and science.

Books Received

THE FARMER'S CAMPAIGN FOR CREDIT. By Clara Eliot. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

FIRST LATIN. By Victor E. Francois. Allyn & Bacon, New York. $1.40.

EMPLOYMENT PSYCHOLOGY. By Harold E. Burtt. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

SACRIFICE. By Mary Larrimer. Harold Vinal, New York. $2.

MENTAL GROWTH AND DECLINE. By H. L. Hollingsworth. D. Appleton & Co., Boston. $3.

THE QUESTION OF DOLLY? By Sara Lippincott. Richard G. Badger, Boston.

WORLD GEOGRAPHY. By Frank M. McMurry and A. E. Parkins. Book I—The New World. The Macmillan Company, New York.

THE BRIDE OF BAGDAD. By Andreas Bard. The Literary Board, Burlington, Iowa.

ITALY'S INTERNATIONAL ECONOMIC POSITION. By Constantine E. McGuire. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

LITTLE ESSAYS ABOUT 'MOST EVERYTHING. By Louis W. Flanders. George J. Foster & Co., Dover, N. H.

A BEACON FOR THE BLIND. Being a Life of Henry Fawcett. By Winifred Holt. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

FESTIVAL AND CIVIC PLAYS. By Mari Ruef Hofer. The Beckley-Cardy Company, Chicago. $1.25.

LADY MILLER AND HER LITERARY CIRCLE. By Ruth Avaline Hesselgrave. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $2.

TAWNY, A DOG OF THE OLD WEST. By Thomas C. Hinkle. William Morrow & Co., New York. $1.75.

MAN AND MESSAGE. By John Humpstone. The Judson Press, Philadelphia. $1.50.

THE ANCIENT HUNGER. By Edwin Granberry. The Macaulay Company, New York. $2.

FORECASTING BUSINESS CONDITIONS. By Charles O. Hardy and Garfield V. Cox. The Macmillan Company, New York.

THE REAL JESUS. By James Allan Francis. The Judson Press, Philadelphia. $1.25.

ADULT EDUCATION. By Joseph K. Hart. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.75.

THE LOST MERBABY. By Margaret Baker. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

EVOLUTION IN SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By Robert Andrews Millikan. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $1.

AN APPROACH TO PUBLIC WELFARE AND SOCIAL WORK. By Howard W. Odum. The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C. $1.50.

RECENT THEORIES OF CITIZENSHIP. By Carl Brinkmann. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $1.50.

THINGS THAT MATTER MOST. By John Milton Moore. The Judson Press, Philadelphia. $1.25.

BUSINESS LAW. By Samuel P. Weaver. Allyn & Bacon, New York. $1.40.

CHILD GUIDANCE. By Smiley Blanton and Margaret Gray Blanton. The Century Company, New York. $2.25.

ONE-ACT PLAYS. Edited by George A. Goldstone. Allyn & Bacon, New York. $1.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN HANDBOOK, 1927. Edited by J. A. Hunter. The South American Publications, Ltd., London.

SOUTH AMERICA. By Franklin H. Martin. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $3.

AMERICA IN THE STRUGGLE FOR CZECHO-SLOVAK INDEPENDENCE. By Charles Pergler. Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. $1.75.

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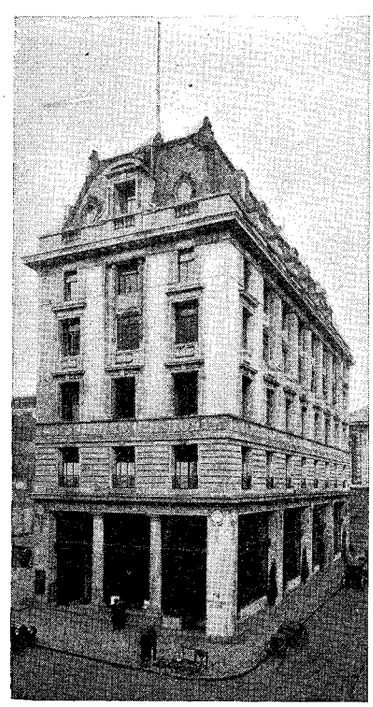

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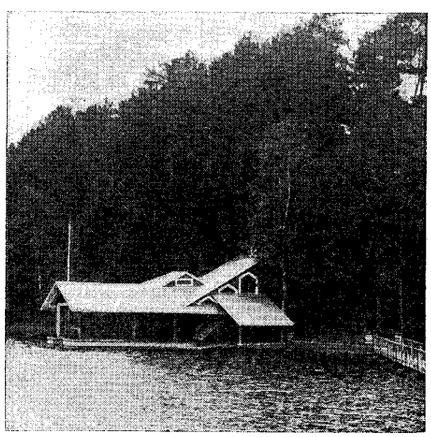

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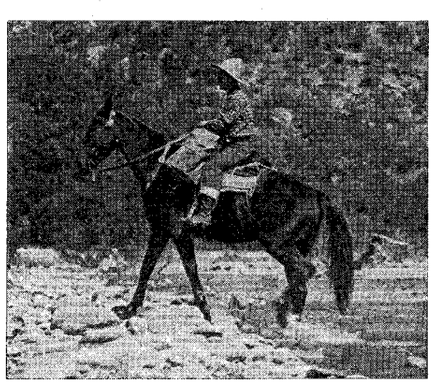

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An examination of the classified advertisements under the heading "Swaps" in a New York daily gives a side-light on present-day aspirations. More than half of the advertisements propose to exchange something of value for a motor car. For example:

"Piano, excellent condition, for light car."

Or this:

"Equity in lot on Dewey Ave.; for 1925 sedan."

Or even this:

"Double house, all improvements; take auto and little cash."

Next in popularity come radio outfits; but it is noted with pleasure that some one wants to get rid of a saxophone for anything it will bring.

From the "Progressive Grocer:"

A patient who was convalescing from a long siege of pneumonia had asked repeatedly for food, and finally the nurse gave him a small spoonful of rice.

A few minutes later the patient rang again, and when the nurse appeared said to her: "Now I want to read a little. Please bring me a postage stamp."

"A cynic," according to the "Brown Jug," "is a humorist with the misfortune to be born with a smile a trifle to one side."

Ear-plugs are now being sold by New York City druggists. They are designed to frustrate noise, and are used by those who cannot sleep for the roar of the city's noises.

"And your name, please?"
"Ivan Ausziechmmugencugteki."
"How do you spell it?"
"As it is pronounced."

From the "Epworth Herald:"

Mother: "Gladys, you are two years old to-day."

Gladys: "I know it, ma. Gee, but I like to look back and think of the funny styles we girls used to wear."

The following business card, according to a Western newspaper, was distributed by an enterprising young business man:

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Autoist: "I had the right of way when this man deliberately ran into me, and yet you say I was to blame."

Policeman: "You certainly were."

Autoist: "Why?"

Policeman: "Because his father is mayor, his brother is chief of police, and I go with his sister."

From "Tit-Bits:"

He emerged from the dining-room of the fashionable hotel and went to the cloak-room, where he nonchalantly proceeded to crush one silk top-hat after the other. The attendant, surprised at this behavior, demanded the reason for his action, whereupon the other replied: "I'm looking for my own. It's a collapsible, you know. None of these here seem to be it."

A tabby cat in a Vancouver, British Columbia, zoo is serving as foster-mother to three young wolves, and the El Paso "Times" remarks, "Modern parents understand the feeling."

"Collars, neckties and socks—yes, sir! How about some night-shirts?"

"No, sir, young fella. I ain't no society rounder. When night comes I go to bed."

From the "Fliegende Blaetter" (Munich):

He: "Who is that handsome boy with the cropped head?"

She: "That's my cousin, Betty."

"And the blond man with the monocle?"

"That's my younger sister, Lu."

Laughing, but embarrassed: "So I suppose the other young man in the dinner jacket is your elder sister?"

"No, that's my grandmother."

"Where I go on my vacation they give you one of those three-season beds."

"What are they?"

"No spring!"

From "Judge:"

Teacher: "Why was Columbus so anxious to discover a new world?"

Bobby: "I think he was looking for a place to park."

From "Liberty:"

Johnny had been the guest of honor the day before at a party to which his little chum Tommy had not been invited. After hearing all about it, Tommy said to Johnny: "Have a good time, Johnny?"

"*Did* I!" answered Johnny. "Why, I'm not hungry yet!"

From the Cincinnati "Enquirer:"

"I see you have a sign in your store, 'We Aim To Please,'" remarked the irritated customer.

"Certainly," replied the proprietor, "that is our motto."

"Well," retorted the I. C., "you ought to take a little time off for target practice."

From "Everybody's Magazine:"

A new regulation in a certain coal mine required that each man mark with chalk the number of every car of coal mined. One man named Rudolph, having filled the eleventh car, marked it as No. 1 and, after pondering a while, let it go at that. Another miner, happening to notice what he thought was a mistake, called Rudolph's attention to the fact that he had marked the car No. 1 instead of No. 11. "Yes, I know," said Rudolph. "But I can't think which side de odder wan go on."

From the Boston "Transcript:"

Motor Cop (to professor of mathematics): "So you saw the accident, sir. What was the number of the car that knocked this man down?"

Professor: "I'm afraid I've forgotten it. But I remember noticing that if it were multiplied by fifty, the cube root of the product would be equal to the sum of the digits reversed."

The answer to each line of the following jingle is a word of six letters. Six different words, but all composed of the same six letters. Answer next week.

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